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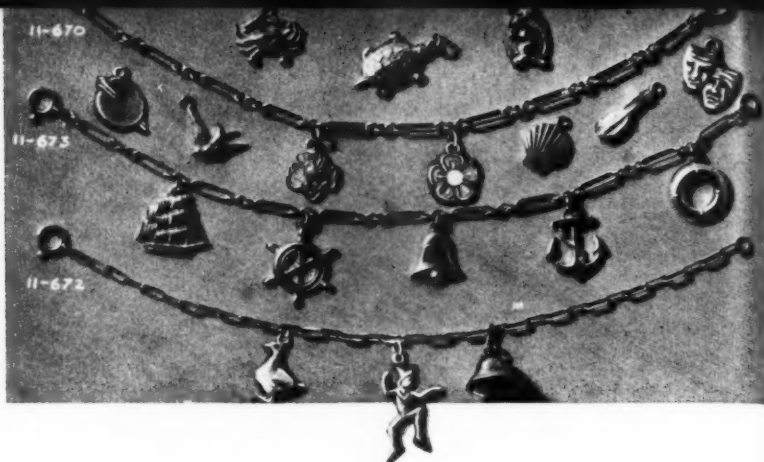
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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For biographical note about the artist, see page 50

By courtesy of Stephen C. Clark

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XVII—KATHERINE ROSEN *painted by* GEORGE BELLOWES

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JUNE • 1939

HOW TO GET READY FOR RADIO~

By JULIAN STREET, JR.

Girls who are looking forward to careers in radio will want to read this article by a former Radio Executive



MANY generations have helped to make journalism and the theatre what they are to-day, but radio is just seventeen years old. It belongs to your generation. Being such a young industry, it is thoroughly emancipated and a woman has just as good a chance of landing a job in radio as a man, for the only measuring stick is capability. If you have what it takes, you're eligible.

To-day you will find women—and they're not very old, either—holding down some of the biggest executive positions in radio. They are well represented throughout all the separate units of radio, as writers in the script department, as directors in the production departments, as actresses in radio drama. In every single phase of radio, women are doing important jobs, and doing them well. But, as you know, jobs aren't passed around on a silver platter. These women had to work, and observe, and profit by experience before they got where they are to-day.

If you are hoping to write, act, direct, sing, or get any kind of a job in radio, one thing is certain. You should begin working toward a radio job while you're still in school, or college. Don't wait until you've got your diploma to learn what radio is all about. If you start right now, reading and studying the fundamental problems of radio, you will have a good lead on the other beginners who don't have even a meagre understanding of the subject. Radio is still so young that its ways are far from settled. The essence of the business is showmanship which, in turn, has its foundation in the fickle sands of public taste. Radio is always interested in new talent, but, unlike the movies, it cannot take the time to go out and hunt it up, nor can it take the time to train the complete novice.

There are plenty of books about radio which will explain the various aspects of the work. If you study them carefully, you will learn a great deal of terminology and plenty of facts about radio you never knew existed. You might even go

farther than reading. You might, if the school officials agree, try and put on a show of your own in conjunction with your dramatics association. Someone could write a play, others could act in it, and a few might help with the direction. Providing your program has real entertainment value, the smaller local stations should be willing to give you a fifteen minute broadcast some afternoon. In this way, you would become familiar with the studios and radio equipment.

However, if you listen to the advice of Bertha Brainard, who, as commercial program manager of NBC, holds down probably the most important executive position in radio, you will learn of a still more important aspect. She tells you that the books on radio are helpful, yes, for background and familiarizing yourself with terminology. "But in the final analysis, there is nothing better than experience," says Miss Brainard. "My advice to any young girl who really wants a future in radio work would be, if possible, to get a job with a small station. Any kind of a job. In a small station you learn to do everything, from dusting the desks to building and producing complete programs. There's no other way to get such a variety of training—such a panorama of experience."

When Miss Brainard makes a pronouncement like that, it carries almost oracular weight. You wouldn't guess it from looking at her. Despite her bright red hair and youthful mien, she's a pioneer. She herself started with old station WJZ in its first year and "did everything." And by "everything" we mean everything from introducing prima donnas and Broadway stage stars over the microphone to sweeping out the studios.

Assuming, however, that you're still in school, the best preliminary training course I can suggest, if you want to write scripts for radio, is to listen to your radio and to analyze the plays being broadcast. There's a great deal of difference in writing for radio and writing for the theatre, or the maga-

zines. The basic rules are the same, but you have to bear in mind that, in radio, you are writing for a "blind" audience.

Marion Pullar is head play reader at N B C. She reads forty or fifty unsolicited scripts a day, and she considers it a red letter day if she finds one or two in the whole lot that she can use. People send her plays about Monte Carlo and plays about Flatbush; plays about something that happened to them on the boat to Bermuda; and plays about an experience they had in a night club on New Year's Eve. Her desk is swamped with bits of original and unoriginal poetry, dramatizations of novels and short stories. Most of these manuscripts have to go right back where they came from. For some strange reason, the people who have never been out of New York City like to write about Monte Carlo, and the people who live down in Texas lean toward Flatbush for a setting.

If you were to ask Miss Pullar for a few suggestions on radio script writing, she would give you several emphatic *do's* and *don'ts* which would help steer you in the right direction.

"If you're going to write a play, either for radio or the theatre," says Miss Pullar, "you should write about something which is familiar to you. Don't write about Louis XV unless you know all about Louis XV. Don't waste your time on adaptations of popular short stories or novels. Each radio network has its own staff of expert script writers, and when an adaptation is needed, the job of adapting is given to one of them. Then, too, there are the laws of copyright. For modern works we have to get the permission of the author before we can dramatize his story, and, in the event that the author is dead, we have to have permission from the executors of his estate. Some authors are so legally bound up that we can never even touch them. If you do start work on adapting a story or play for radio, be sure you have the written permission of the copyright holder to do so."

What type of play has the best chance, from the standpoint of the free-lance writer?

"Original plays are greatest in demand. But remember, you must pick a subject and a plot which will be as interesting to the person in California as it is to the Bostonian. An experience you had on the boat to Bermuda won't necessarily interest the whole nation."

What are some of the rules to follow when writing a play for radio? The first and most important thing, to my mind, is to remember that radio writing is essentially dialogue, not prose. Whether it be a speech, script for an announcer, or drama, the style should be free and informal, and above all, good entertainment.

In writing radio drama you have to indicate, either through dialogue or sound effects, the entrances and exits of your characters. Every sound effect should carry your story forward, for that is its purpose. Do not ask for sound effects that are virtually impossible to reproduce. Miss Pullar cites the following instance to illustrate the point:

"Somebody sent in a play not long ago in which the author called for a sound effect of a dollar bill being slapped down on a mahogany bar. A dollar bill makes absolutely no noise when it is being put down on a bar, even a mahogany one, so this sound effect was pointless."

Perhaps your aim is some day to have a program of your own and speak on the radio. What does Margaret Cuthbert, director of Women's Activities and Talks at N B C, think is the most important factor in radio speaking?

"Some people have radio personality and others are completely nil," she says. "Many speakers, though they have plenty of pep and personality when they're talking to a visible audience, go completely flat when they stand up in front of a microphone. There is a strange, exciting quality in the voices



Illustrated
by S. WENDELL
CAMPBELL

of all the successful radio personalities which interests the listener. It's a kind of radio 'It,' and if you don't have it, it's a major battle to cultivate it."

Here again, the best course to take is to listen to the news commentators like Lowell Thomas and Dorothy Thompson. Take notes on their voice technique. Notice the pitch and quality of their voices. Then practice by reading out loud and listening to your own voice. If your voice is high and nasal, pitch it lower; if it is raspy, get rid of the rasp; if you stumble or slur over certain words, stop and read them over until they are perfectly distinct. But don't sound stilted, sound natural.

There are undoubtedly those among you who want to become actresses in radio drama. Of all the different fields in radio, this is the most competitive—what with the many frustrated stage actors and actresses who are now trying to put their talents on the air, plus a lot of other people who think they are suited to radio drama for one reason or another. You have to be exceptionally good to break in here. Radio can make use of just so much talent, and then it reaches the saturation point, for, no matter what miracles

may be induced by the mechanical age, there are still only twenty-four hours to a day. The average radio station stays on the air sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Less than twenty percent of this time is devoted to radio drama—which means there is a pretty definite limit to the number of opportunities in this field. The beginning actor or actress stands a much better chance at a small station. The larger broadcasting companies, such as NBC or CBS, have a platoon of veteran actors at their beck and call, so naturally they're not going to take the time to train the apprentice. They would like to, but they're in too much of a hurry. When a Production director is assembling a cast for a drama, he knows he will have only three or four hours allotted him for rehearsal. He is inclined, therefore, to select experienced actors and actresses for he knows he can count on them for a creditable performance. With beginners it's bound to be a gamble—and the risk is too great.

REHEARSING FOR A RADIO PROGRAM

But amateurs and professionals alike must have an audition before they can begin to act in any radio drama. And Marjorie Loeber, head of dramatic auditions at NBC, is the person who listens to these six minute try-outs. Granted—an audition is a chilly ordeal like sitting outside an operating room, but just try to keep calm. Miss Loeber, who hears about forty auditions a week, thinks the best way to approach an audition is 'simply to forget the microphone.' Think only of what you're trying to do. You're having an audition because you have something to sell; if your salesmanship is good, the prospective buyer is more likely to be convinced.

"In your six minutes you may read excerpts from any plays you choose, but be sure to read the parts which are suited to you. It's a doleful business when a young girl takes the rôle of a cackling hag," Miss Loeber remarks, "just as doleful as it is for an old hag to read lines intended for a young girl."

But, above all, have self-confidence. "Don't worry if your slip happens to show," she says. "Nobody cares. We want to hear what you can do, and we don't want preliminary apologies. A girl who was up for an audition not long ago came slinking up to the microphone and said in a dismal voice, 'Oh dear, this is going to be perfectly awful. I just know I'm going to be terrible.' She was. An audition is no place for a Defeatist Complex."

The ranking vocalists you hear on the big commercial programs didn't reach the top in one jump. Most of them had a long, hard tussle before they finally made good.

Take Lucille Manners, for instance.

To-day she is the featured soloist on the Cities Service Hour. But when she started out she was a filing clerk in Newark, doing odd fifteen minute programs over station WOR during her lunch hour.

After several years of continuous voice study and experience on the Newark station, she came to NBC and did a few sustaining shows; then followed a couple of small sponsored programs. Next she was the guest artist on many important shows, and now as prima donna of the Cities Service program—the oldest commercial program on the networks—she has one of the most coveted singing rôles on the airwaves.

To those of you who are singers, with inclinations toward radio, Lucille Manners suggests: "Make sure you really have a voice, and that it's a voice qualified for radio. Each year there are (Continued on page 38)



ADVICE TO A GIRL WHO WANTS A FUTURE IN RADIO WORK WHEN SHE'S OLD ENOUGH: GET A JOB WITH A SMALL BROADCASTING STATION

JUSTICE

By ESTHER MELBOURNE KNOX

at PIEPOWDER COURT

ALIX had to climb eighteen high, familiar steps before she could get to old John in the guard room of the north tower. She had sought him out nearly all of her sixteen years for advice and comfort—in Gatehouse, Outer Ward, in Keep, each post less important than the one before. And now that he was old, this place in the north tower seemed his last, for danger never came to Winchester from the north, where lay the moors. In the past it had come from the south and the near seacoast, but these last three years danger had seemed to lie much closer—within the walls, rather than without, perhaps.

This misty July afternoon, in the year of our Lord, 1130, Alix set her small, high-arched feet in the center of each high step in furious haste. It angered her that her scarlet shoes were too soft to make a clatter on the rough stone. And it annoyed her still further to see their long points as they emerged from the billowing gray of her woolen gown. They were so worn that her toes actually showed through the shameful holes! Her father, the Earl of Winchester, who was fighting in the Holy Wars in Syria, had sent them home to her, more than a year ago, by a traveling monk. And Alix, entranced by the color and suppleness of the moroccan leather, had vowed never again to wear the crude buskins from the shop of the Winchester shoemaker.

She was out of breath when she reached the small room at the top of the stairs. Old John was asleep, his heavy casque tilted at a rakish angle. She prodded him crossly in the middle of his broad back with the spindle she held in her hand, trying at the same time to peer beyond him through the paneless slit of a window.

"Ah, it's you, milady Alix! I must have dropped off for a moment!" His voice was a relieved rumble, but Alix prodded him again, mercilessly.

"'Dropped off,' indeed!" she mimicked. "Doubtless you've been asleep for hours! I suppose there's no use in asking *you* if you've seen Clement Tirrel ride his white horse up our hill since midday."

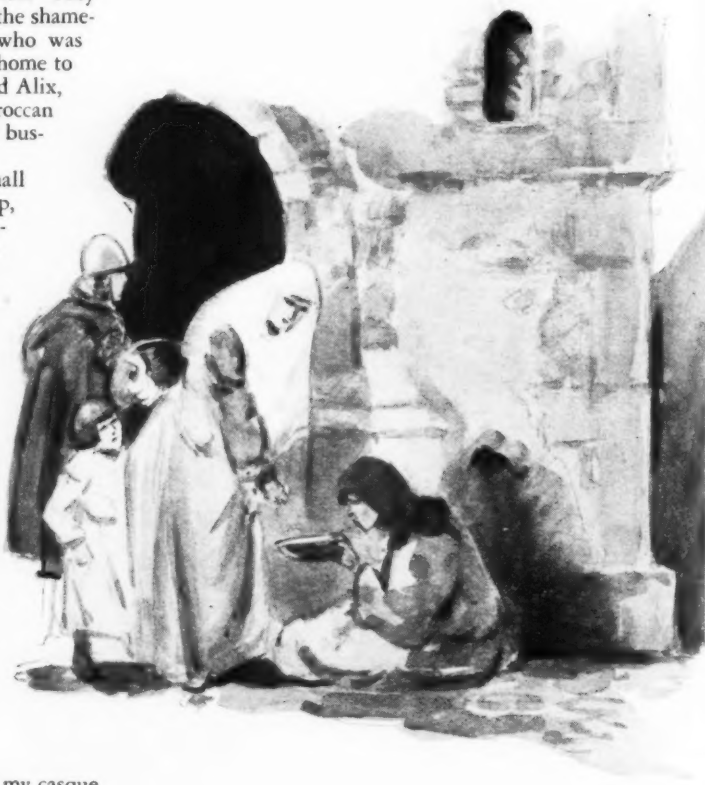
Old John yawned prodigiously as he pushed away the persistent spindle. "Clement Tirrel is a good lad—why be angry with him? He is busy, doubtless, at the garrison and cannot be always at your beck and call."

Alix's chin sank into the bright silken scarf knotted about her throat. Her brown eyes showed sudden sparks of red and her dark brows were drawn down until they met ominously over her short nose.

John blinked and sat up straight. "It fair makes my casque rise up on my old head—that look of your father in anger," he told her. "How plain I can see him, so big and well-fed! He must be full twelve stone heavier than you—but I warrant his anger is no heavier." He crossed himself, piously. "Now you said 'midday.' I saw him ride up early—young Clement. But it was well before the sun had—"

"I know!" Alix's voice was sharp. "He rode up from the

A story of England, long ago, when the courage of a girl saw that justice was done at the Court of the Dusty Foot. Piepowder is the Norman-English corruption of Pied-Poudreaux, a court of quick justice at the great medieval fairs where those accused need not even stop to wipe the dust from their feet before a hearing



garrison to ask me to go with him to the sea. He knows where some swans are nesting, near the mouth of the Itchen, and he was going to capture a cygnet for me. But no,—no, indeed! My lady aunt had other plans for me." She shook the spindle at him and her voice rose furiously. "Since sunup I have been working at spinning in the gloomy old Hall."

And having my ears vexed the while with the stupidest Latin verses I ever listened to!

"And there's another thing!" she burst out, her soft lips trembling, which made her look more like an injured child than an imperious young lady of sixteen. "Do you know that she has forbidden me the Fair—the Fair, John? Why, every year, as far back as I can remember, I have gone to the St. Swithin's Day Fair. And this year I need many things. Look at these!" She stuck up one shabby, red-clad foot indignantly. "And I should have silk for a church gown and a new kirtle, and one of those new cloaks of velvet stuff cut in a great circle. Why, even Clement Tirrel, who rarely has the wit to notice such things, agrees that I am fair shabby for an Earl's daughter."

"Teeck—teeck!" murmured the old man in distress.

"John, what has come over my lady aunt this year? She was always—how shall I say it?—grandly aware of her position since my father ordered her from Caen to care for his motherless daughter in his absence. But, now, one would think her Queen Maud herself."

"Don't be too hard on her," John shook his head. "She is only doing her duty as she sees it."

"Well, I do not like her way—be it duty, or whatever!" Alix's chin was stubbornly set.

"Nor I," agreed old John mildly, "nor any of us. She is not overly just, nor is she far-seeing. Did you know

she has lowered our wages, fixed by the Earl years ago? And—is your maid, Sofia, still in the dungeon?"

Alix nodded. "She is to be released to-day. I could have told my lady aunt how the girl came by that sack of silver. She has a friend who is a moneyer in town and naturally she fears to plunge him into trouble by telling." A frown furrowed her smooth brow. "No, the Lady Marthe does not grasp the needs of our people, nor the temper of their steel. There isn't a man or a maid within our walls but who feels he could die to-morrow, with no one in authority to hold his head or call the priest. And as for me, John, I have no one but you, and—and Clement Tirrel, perhaps."

"The de Gise? Have you not someone in him?" John rolled his watery eyes slyly.

Alix rose to his bait. "Have you lost your wits? I would not have Geoffrey de Gise as a friend—with his silly Latin verses and his saffron-colored horse face—if he were wrapped in ermine lined with London gold!"

John's crooked grin showed the gaps of missing teeth, but his eyes were soft with affection and with purpose.

"The Lady Marthe has other thoughts, child. If you were wed, we'll say, and gone to London, then—"

Alix leaned toward him.

"Then she would be forever the lady of Winchester. What a fool I've been! Geoffrey has, in truth, been casting sheeps' eyes at me, and now I see why. Why else would he linger so long at the Castle? He has duties in other shires as sheriff. It was because he *is* sheriff that I smiled on him at first. There have been so many complaints over taxes I thought I might coax him to speak for our craftsmen with the King."

The old man nodded sympathetically, then bent forward, his eye caught by sight of a man moving on foot up the steep road to the castle gates. Alix pressed close. She was so intent upon the figure below that she did not even see the familiar and beautiful sweep of countryside beyond.

Framed in the rough stone of the narrow window and ringed also by its ancient walls, the old town of Winchester lay sprawled at the foot of Castle Hill—a town already so weighted with history that the span of its years was like a deep chord of music, with ascending octaves of Celt, Roman, Saxon, Jute, Dane, and Norman, swelling its subtle harmony. Within the walls huddled many stone and wooden buildings, centered by the long garrison and the market place of colored Roman blocks. The tall, sober shape of the cathedral rose like a severe jewel above them all, sharp against the blue summer sky. Outside the walls lay a scallop of neat tilled fields and pasture land, spreading to the rich green of the forest which was cut by the twisted silver of the river. And far beyond billowed the wild moorland, with its thick bright carpet of heather and furze and bracken and its low sprawling shrubs, bounded only by the misty outlines of low-lying violet hills.

"In a moment I can tell you!" Alix's sharply focused

THEY STOOD IN THE SHELTERING ARCH OF THE GARRISON STABLEYARD, CLEMENT SPOKE. "ALIX," HE SAID, "IT PROMISES TO BE A FINE DAY FOR A GALLOP. LET US GO AFTER THE CYGNET!"



Illustrated
by
RUTH KING

eyes brightened. "It is Lars Lefferts, master of the town craftsmen."

John nodded again. "Taxes have to be paid the day after St. Swithin's Day. Lars told Thomas Renault, who told me, that with the rise in them, the townsmen will be hard pressed this winter to buy meal for bread unless something is done about it. Lars has already sent a message to the King at Westminster."

"And what did the King say?"

"Nothing. It is as if he never received it."

"Can it be for sport, John, that our King is called the 'Lion of Justice'?"

John shrugged and Alix looked at him, alert as a small brown sparrow. "He comes up our hill, I'll wager, to petition Geoffrey as King's sheriff. And Geoffrey will fondle his dry hands and look learned and—do nothing at all! And he sits at our table above the salt and sips my father's wine. If my father were here, *he'd* do something!" The voluminous skirt of her gray gown flew out like wings as she turned to the stairs. Over her shoulder she flung back, "If Clement should come—send someone to me, will you? My lady aunt has forbidden him the Hall, since he burst in upon our spinning this morning."

She was glad of the softness of her red shoes as she sped silently across the courtyard and through the long, damp corridor that gave on the rear of the castle's great Hall. There was only one audience place, and she meant to be there when the master of the town craftsmen entered.

The vaulted Hall was shadowy and smelled evilly of the smoke of long-vanished fires. Entering, Alix went directly to her place near the cavernous fireplace. Lady Marthe looked up from her embroidery frame and Geoffrey rose from the

stool on which he had been sitting with a big book of verses spread across his knobby knees.

"I thought," remarked the sheriff drily, "that our small swallow had flown to greener fields."

"Yes, what happened you, Alix?" Her aunt's voice was querulous. "You must work faster if all that flax is to be twisted before sundown."

Alix stooped to pick up a bundle of the stiff flax fiber to wind about her distaff. "Oh, I remembered an errand to send myself upon."

There was a stir at the doorway—a servant was ushering in the man Alix had seen climbing the hill. He bowed low as he approached the group at the fireplace and Geoffrey rose to meet him. "As if," thought Alix, "he were the Lord of Winchester himself."

"My lady, Sire, and my lady Alix!" Lars bowed again to each of them. He told his name and standing in the town, and then carefully unrolled the scroll he carried.

The man's petition was a fair one. The tax had been unjustly raised. Business was good, but with such a tax it was not worth a man's while to sell. He spoke of the coming winter, and of the probable plight of those he represented if an adjustment were not made. Clearly he felt confident that the King's sheriff, a guest in his lord's castle, would do something. Glancing at Geoffrey's face, Alix had no such confidence. His lips were pursed and, just as she had pictured, he was rubbing his hands together in the way she disliked.

Lars had finished now. He bowed low. There was complete silence in the Hall. Why did not her lady aunt speak? thought Alix angrily. She stood there as if stricken dumb! Was she not the Earl's representative? And had not he always stood between the people of Winchester and trouble?

"May I say, Sire," Lars turned to de Gise, "that you will inform the King of our sore plight in order that justice may be done?"

Geoffrey linked long fingers in maddening deliberation. "Say, rather," he drawled, "that I will think on it."

"But taxes must be gathered the day after St. Swithin's Day, Sire!"

Geoffrey's bow was a dismissal and an insult. The Lady Marthe also bowed, grandly. And as the man turned and found his way to the door, Alix reached blindly for another bundle of flax. Her lips were set in a hard line, and, if she had raised her eyes from her spinning, one would have seen that red sparks smoldered in them.

The cathedral bells tolled for early prayers the next morning in a very tidal wave of sound. It drenched not only the streets below the bell tower, but the entire countryside with its urgency. People on the way to church involuntarily quickened their steps, but Alix, lagging two paces behind her maid, Sofia, continued to walk unheeding past the garrison, hoping to see Clement Tirrel. There was the sudden crash of a gate, a clatter of heavy buskins on the cobbles, and he was beside her—long-legged and brown, with eyes as blue as the sky.

"Why do you look so solemn?" he coaxed. "Send Sofia on to prayers because I must talk with you. Hurry along, Sofia, you have many prayers to say for stealing all that silver!" He winked at her and she grinned broadly before she hastened on.

The two stood in the sheltering arch of the garrison stableyard, while the street (Continued on page 35)

ALIX PRODDED OLD JOHN IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS BROAD BACK WITH THE SPINDLE SHE HELD IN HER HAND. "AH, IT'S YOU, MILADY! I MUST HAVE DROPPED OFF FOR A MOMENT"



PLAY BALL!

Some interesting facts about the Great American Game, baseball—and the game that is fun for girls to play, soft ball

By ANNE FRANCES HODGKINS

IN THE year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, the United States made a gesture of good will and signed the Treaty of Peace, Navigation, Friendship, and Commerce with Ecuador. This event is duly recorded, in all histories dealing with the period, as an outstanding and noteworthy one, as indeed it was; but that same year occurred an event which was to promote more good will, more friendship, and more commerce than the treaty with Ecuador. This was the invention of a game called "baseball" by a young West Point cadet, Abner Doubleday, who was destined to become a very important Major General in the United States army and to distinguish himself during the Civil War by many deeds of valor. It is interesting to note that no historian of the period makes any mention of this invention which was to be so far-reaching in its effects on millions of people all over the globe, for wherever the flag has gone, baseball has followed it.

Baseball has many ancestors. I suppose its first mother might be a certain beautiful lady of Corcyra—Anagalla by name—to whom Grecian writers give the credit of first having made a ball for purpose of play. And even in those far-off mythical days ball games were played by girls, for great Homer relates that

*"O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play,
"Their shining veils unbound; along the skies,
"Tossed and retossed, the ball incessant flies."*

Baseball's immediate ancestors are of somewhat less distinguished birth. One Old Cat, Two Old Cat, Barn Ball, and

RIGHT: THE RUINED WALLS OF THE FAMOUS COLISEUM IN ROME. BELOW: HOW IT LOOKS INSIDE TODAY



From an old Italian print



VESPASIAN BUILT THE COLISEUM IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. SO CITIZENS OF ROME COULD WATCH FROM THE BLEACHERS. DO YOU RECALL THEIR FATE?

Town Ball are all included in the genealogy; and except for town ball which seems to have died a natural death, you can find these other bearded progenitors in almost any small town, on a balmy spring day, sporting about with small boys and girls, and providing them with hours of amusement when there are not enough players present to invite the more important baseball to the green.

It is most appropriate that baseball should be played in the spring, for, among the ancients, the tossing of a ball was supposed to signify the upspringing of life and nature after the gloom of winter. The leaders of the early church continued this belief by gathering in the churches on Easter day and throwing a ball from hand to hand as a symbol of the Resurrection.

The first club which took baseball seriously was the Knickerbocker Club in New York City, and, for some five or six years after the game was started on its exciting career, this club of gentlemen played baseball among their own members for the fun and exercise they derived from it. In June, 1846, they were challenged by a

group calling themselves the New York Club, and, at the first recorded game in baseball history, the score was Knickerbockers 1—New York 23. At this time twenty-one runs constituted a game, or among gentlemen who were accustomed to play cricket one hundred rounds were necessary to determine a winner. In the latter case, it frequently happened that a game lasted two or three days.

One of the players in the Knickerbocker Club was Alexander Cartwright, who was responsible for drawing up the rules of the game. When the gold rush of '49 spread like wildfire over the Eastern States, he was one of a band of enthusiasts who started West, tak-



Photograph by Dick Whittington, Courtesy of National Recreation Association
THIS IS THE PLAY FIELD DEMOCRACY BUILT, WHERE ONE MAY PARTICIPATE RATHER THAN WATCH. YOUR TASK IS TO SEE IT USED!

(Continued on page 31)

THE STROKE *of*

By MARY AVERY GLEN

PART TWO

The Story So Far

Phyl and Meg Merriam, invited by telephone to lunch with a school friend, Becky Mullen, who is visiting her grandparents in Keyesville, a near-by village, realize after Becky has rung off that she has not told them her grandparents' name. As there is no "Mullen" in the telephone book, they call up the Keyesville postmaster, who says there is an old Mrs. Mullen living on the ravine road, some distance out of the village, and that she has a granddaughter. Phyl and Meg find a dilapidated old house, with an iron dog in the yard—but no Becky! A lame girl in a wheel chair, Anne Mullen, and her grandmother, evidently much reduced in circumstances, live alone in the house. Anne tells the girls that old Mrs. Mullen is desperately ill with blood poisoning, and begs them to go for Dr. Cutler in Keyesville, as she has no one to send. The Merriam girls go for the doctor, and discover that he is Becky Mullen's grandfather. He hurries out to the ravine road to treat the old lady, declaring as he departs that he is going to put in a telephone for her, whether she likes it or not.

ON THE Merriams' back porch at Martinstown, late on a summer afternoon, Becky Mullen, Dr. Cutler's granddaughter, clamped the toe of her shoe on the floor to slow up the sway of the Bar Harbor hammock. "Be an angel and reach me another of those chocolates, Meg. I've eaten so many already that I can't bend over!"

"We had a cat once," Meg grinned, supplying the desired sweetmeat, "who was so lazy she wouldn't drink her milk unless one of us sat beside her and held the dish up to her mouth."

Becky chuckled. "That's me! You said it."

"What were we talking about, anyway, Beck? Oh, about Anne Mullen," Phyl prompted from her perch on the railing.

"Oh, yes. I was going to tell you. I've ridden out there several times with Grandpa since he's been dressing old Mrs. Mullen's hand. Grandpa thinks Anne's wonderful. He says she's the gamest girl he knows anywhere. But he doesn't think she'll ever be able to walk again."

"Isn't that dreadful?" said Phyl, frowning in sympathetic realization of the crippled girl's plight. "Aunt Marcia's keen about Anne, too. She drives Meg and me over to see her quite often. And then, of course, we telephone her, thanks to your grandfather for putting in the phone!"

"He had to work fast to get that done," Becky laughed. "But trust Grandpa! He did it while Mrs. Mullen was too sick to know what was going

ANNE'S GAZE WAS ON THE WESTERN SKY.
"I HATE TO BE A SPOILSPORT, GIRLS, BUT
LOOK AT THAT BLACK THUNDER CLOUD!"



Illustrated by
ROBB BEEBE

LUCK

In this exciting final installment, luck comes with startling suddenness to crippled Anne Mullen and her grandmother

on, or she wouldn't have allowed it. She's a nice old lady, but you've noticed that she's awfully high hat."

"Did you tell Beck about the party?" Meg mumbled, a caramel between her teeth.

"Not yet!" Phyl bent forward. "Aunt Marcia found out that next week Thursday is Anne's birthday. So we're going to make a cake and take some party things and drive over to give her a surprise. Aunt Marcia thinks it's terrible she's so shut in. We want you to come, too. We can pick you up on our way through Keyesville."

"I'd love it! I'll make her a box of fudge. Sure, I'll come," accepted Becky. Then she stopped short. "What a bonehead I am!" she cried, rapping in mock despair on her brown curls. "I've just remembered something I meant to tell you. Something perfectly marvelous about the old Mullen house!"

Meg swallowed the caramel with difficulty. "I knew there was something queer about that house. Ghosts?"

Becky grinned. "No, not ghosts. A mystery! Honest to goodness! Even Grandpa believes it. There's gold in that thar house if Anne and her grandmother could find it!"

Both Merriams stared at their guest, wide-eyed. "What do you mean? How did you find out?" Meg demanded.

"Old Mrs. Mullen told Grandpa. She's awfully close-

mouthed, but one day when he was bandaging her hand she opened up. And Grandma told me. It's quite a story."

"Go ahead," Meg exhorted.

"Well, Anne's grandfather—Mrs. Mullen's husband, you know—had a lot of money. His name was Joshua Mullen. He was an only son, and his father left him that place. He and Mrs. Mullen only stayed there in summer; they spent their winters in New York. Grandma said the place used to be wonderfully kept up. Gardeners and other servants—and the house filled with beautiful furniture and loads of paintings."

"The bus driver told us it had once been a fine place—don't you remember, Meg?" Phyl interrupted. "And you can see the marks of the paintings still on the walls."

"Well, the furniture was still there when Anne came to live with her grandmother—after Mr. Mullen lost his money and died—but everything else was gone. And by that time Mrs. Mullen was so poor she had to sell even that. It didn't bring very much, either, she told Grandpa."

"Lost his money? Was that in the depression?" Meg was one jump ahead of the narrative.

"No, I don't think so. I think it was years before that, before Anne was born. Anyway, a lot of his investments went wrong, or the banks where he'd put his money failed,

BECKY HASTENED TO SCOOP UP
THE LITTER OF PILLOWS AND
MAGAZINES FROM THE GRASS



or something," said Becky, vaguely, unable to cope with the financial details.

"Do you suppose he was the one who bought the iron dog?" Phyl cut in. "I wonder why he wanted that? Iron dogs must have been fashionable then."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Becky. "Maybe his father bought it. It certainly looks pretty funny now." She started the hammock swinging again. "Well, Grandma said Mr. Mullen was terribly bitter about his losses, and he didn't live very long afterward. Before he died he got very queer. He hated banks and never would deposit any money that came in from the few investments that were left. He hid it somewhere, and used it till it was gone. He wouldn't tell anyone, not even his wife, where he put it."

Meg cocked her ears, tense with excitement.

"And one day he surprised Mrs. Mullen by coming in with a lot of money—maybe a thousand dollars—in cash. He'd sold something. Some stock, I think. She begged him to put it in the bank, but he wouldn't hear of it—and the money vanished as usual."

"Into the secret hiding place, of course," Phyl breathed.

Becky nodded, and went on to her climax. "And, if you'll believe it, next morning he was found dead in bed! It was a terrible shock. Mrs. Mullen's never gotten over it. And to this day she hasn't been able to find that money. She and Anne know it's there somewhere, and every few months they have a searching spree. Goodness knows, they need it! But where it can be, they can't

figure out." She tipped back in the hammock and observed the effect of the story on her audience.

Meg scrambled to her feet. "Do you suppose Anne would let *us* search? I'm sure it's up in that garret! Under the floor, perhaps! Or in the lining of some old trunk! Let's ask her on Thursday!"

"Oh, Meg, Doctor Cutler wouldn't like us to mention it," Phyl remonstrated. "And I don't think we could do that. Mrs. Mullen wouldn't want us poking in her things."

Meg drooped. It was terrible to be jerked back at the very entrance to Aladdin's Cave. She was shocked at herself, too, for having made so unseemly a suggestion. "I didn't think of that. Of course she wouldn't like it. I'm sorry I said what I did."

With a glance at her watch, Becky pulled herself up hastily from the hammock and reached for her hat. "Oops! I didn't dream it was so late! I've got to step on it, or I'll miss the bus. I've had a grand time, girls! Thank Aunt Marcia again when she gets back from town, and tell her I'd love to go on Thursday. I'll be seeing you!" she added blithely over her shoulder as the girls trailed her down the hall to the front door.

Thursday, Anne Mullen's birthday, dawned warm and bright. The Merriam household was up betimes and, after an early lunch, Aunt Marcia, still flushed from the oven, superintended the packing of a generous basket. "The cake ought to go in the center, on top of the sandwiches, children. There's a sharp knife for Anne to cut it with, in the long box at the side with the candles (Continued on page 41)



MEG, RUNNING LIKE A SQUIRREL ALONG THE
FALLEN TRUNK, WAS SPRAYED BY WET LEAVES



A CITY OF RUINS IS WHAT THE SPANIARDS FOUND WHEN THEY CAME UPON THE ONCE RICH AND THRIVING METROPOLIS OF UXMAL. LIKE CHICHEN-ITZÁ IT HAD BEEN DESERTED FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE THE CONQUEST

LAND of ANCIENT SPLENDOR

PART TWO

ON a hot day of August, 1502, near the coast of what is now Honduras, a great adventurer named Cristobal Colon stood on the high after deck of a small, storm-battered galleon, and watched the approach of a long dugout canoe filled with brown-skinned people.

There was a time when he would have paced the deck excitedly as they drew near. He would have anticipated the coming interview with burning impatience. But no more. This tall, gray-haired man with the restless eyes of the dreamer had no youthful eagerness left in him. Between the time of his first voyage of discovery to the New World in 1492, and this, his fourth voyage, ten years later, he had fallen from the high pinnacle of royal favor. He had been shorn of his administrative powers on the island of Hispaniola (now Haiti and Santo Domingo); he had become disillusioned, embittered. He was still searching doggedly for that mythical strait to the Islands of Spice. He still believed he had reached Cathay and the Indies, and his term of "Indians," applied in wholesale fashion to the natives of the new world, has been used ever since.

The great dugout canoe was manned by twenty-five Indians. A chieftain, with his wives and children, sat in the shade of a canopy. And although they must have thought the Spanish galleon was a winged visitor from a supernatural

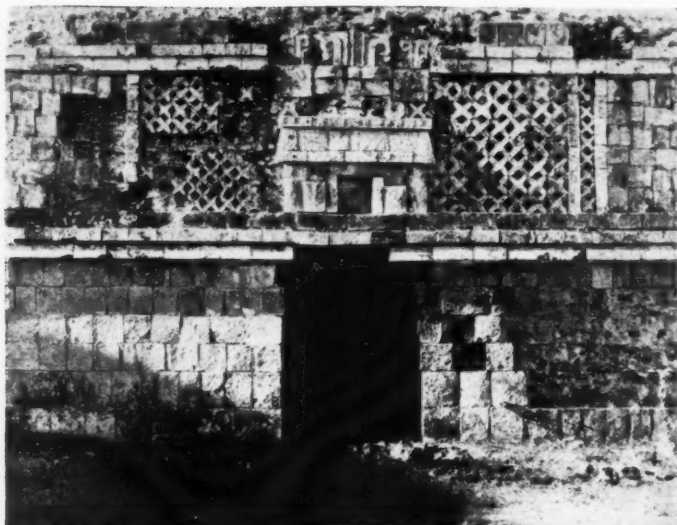
How the prophecy of the arrival of bearded white men from the sea was fulfilled with the coming of the Spaniards to Yucatan

By
EMMA-LINDSAY
SQUIER



WHEREVER THE MAYANS HAD RAISED A PYRAMID WITH A TEMPLE TO THEIR GODS, THE SPANIARDS BUILT A CHURCH. THE ONLY ELEVATIONS IN YUCATAN, A FLAT COUNTRY, WERE THE PYRAMIDS. HENCE TO-DAY THE CHURCHES ARE HIGHER THAN OTHER BUILDINGS SINCE UNDER EACH IS THE RUIN OF A PYRAMID TEMPLE BUILT LONG AGO

LEFT: THE SPANIARDS INTRODUCED THEIR OWN STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE INTO YUCATAN, BUILDING THEIR HOUSES AROUND COOL CENTRAL PATIOS



world, yet their curiosity overcame their fear. They paddled alongside the ship and allowed themselves to be taken aboard.

The Admiral received them kindly, giving them trinkets from Spain—hawks' bells, scarlet caps, and strings of glass beads.

He later described the meeting in one of his lengthy letters to the King and Queen:

"The canoe was eight feet wide. They had in it much clothing of the kind which they weave of cotton in this land, woven with many designs and colors, shirts which reach only to the knees, and some square pieces of cloth called 'zuyen.' Knives of flint, and swords of very strong wood with knives of flint set along the edges."

Through the medium of an interpreter he questioned the chieftain, or *cacique* (pronounced kah-seé-kay) and learned that these Indians, of a much higher type than any others he had previously encountered, came from a land to the west called Maïam, or Mayab, and also Yucatan.

This last name, which is now so familiar, has a disputed origin. Some Spanish historians claim that, in this first meeting, the interpreter asked, "Where do you come from?" and the Indian cacique, not understanding them, countered with "Yuca-tan?" meaning "What did you say?"—which answer

was recorded as being the name of their country.

Columbus questioned these natives concerning the gold in the ornaments they wore, and was told, by signs and gestures, that it was plentiful in a land to the west and north.

Why Columbus did not follow up this vital information and sail westward is one of those things we will never know. For if he had done so, he would have discovered the land of the Mayas; and although its one-time glory was in eclipse, many populous cities still remained. He would undoubtedly have learned about the powerful Aztec empire farther to the north, and he would have found there, in great profusion, the gold he had been so diligently seeking. He would have re-

Photographs by JOHN BRANSBY



TOP: ABOVE THE DOORWAY OF THIS RUIN AT UXMAL IS CARVED THE BAS-RELIEF OF A MAYAN HOUSE. NOTE ITS SIMILARITY TO THE DWELLINGS USED BY CHICLE HUNTERS IN YUCATAN TO-DAY

LEFT: THE ANCIENT MAYANS DRANK A DELICIOUS, FROTHY BEVERAGE MADE FROM CACAO BEANS, FROM CARVED GOURDS JUST LIKE THIS MODERN ONE

gained his lost fame and prestige in Spain. He would have been, once more, the greatest man in all Europe.

But the Admiral's lucky star had set. He attached no particular importance to the words of the Mayan chieftain. He bade the cacique and his retinue a courteous "*adios*," and sailed eastward into storms, mutiny, and the final tragedy of impoverished old age.

The ancient prophecy regarding the coming of bearded men from the sea had been fulfilled, but the complete downfall of the Mayan empire was delayed for forty years.

During that time the Spaniards extended their conquests through what we now call the West Indies. They colonized Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, and Puerto Rico. They had an insatiable lust for gold; they enslaved the guileless Indians, who had at first received them so trustingly, and forced them into all kinds of uncongenial labor. They set them to mining silver and copper, and dredging the streams for gold; they made them build churches, fortresses, houses; they parcelled them out to arriving colonists like so many cattle—with the result that, in a short time, so many of the natives had been exterminated that the conquerors found themselves faced with a labor shortage.

So, in the year 1517, Francisco de Cordoba sailed from Cuba, on an exploring expedition, to see what new lands could be tapped for gold—and slaves.

He came, during the course of his voyage, to the northeast coast of Yucatan, and, from the deck of his ship, he saw a large town with stone buildings and lofty pyramids—for,

while many Mayan cities were long since ruined, many others were still thriving. He was amazed, for nowhere else in the New World had any evidences been found of a civilization comparable to that of Europe.

Several canoes filled with Mayan Indians came out to the ship. And Cordoba, like Columbus, greeted the caciques with fair words and cheap, gaudy trinkets.

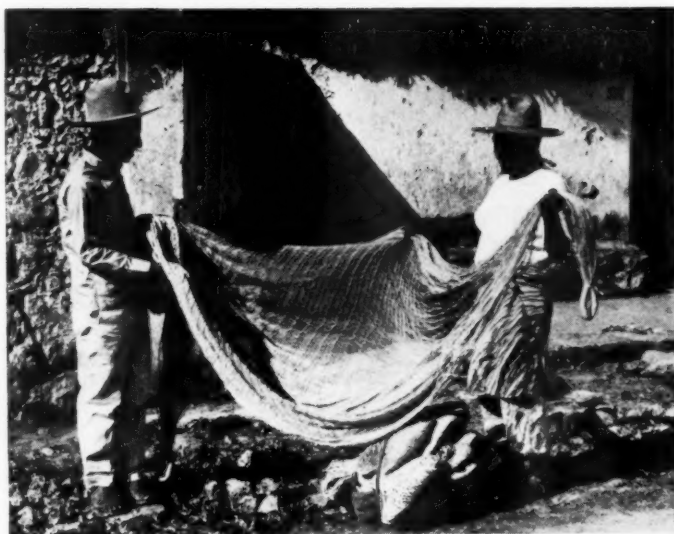
But, although the chieftains seemed to reciprocate the expressed feelings of the white strangers, and invited them to come ashore and see their city, they had in mind a form of entertainment that had nothing to do with hospitality. They were going to ambush them and sacrifice them to their gods.

These Mayas were not the naive, stupid savages that the conquerors had found elsewhere. They were a proud, ancient race of intelligent people, and undoubtedly they had heard of the activities of the white men in the near-by islands.

Bernal Diaz, one of the Spaniards on that expedition, later wrote a history of the conquest of Yucatan. And here is his partial description of what happened that memorable day:

"It was agreed by all the soldiers that we should go with the greatest of caution, taking all our arms; and we took with us fifteen crossbows and ten muskets and walked along by the cacique and with many other Indians accompanying him."

We can imagine the colorful scene—the cloudless blue sky, the palm trees, the green jungle in the distance; Spanish soldiers with metal breastplates and helmets, watchfully



fingering their weapons; the Mayan chieftain and his warriors in quilted cotton armor and elaborate feather headdresses. The day is hot, the sunlight blinding. The newcomers look with astonishment upon a busy, populous city, containing many stone buildings ornamented with delicate, lace-like carvings and bas-reliefs. A painted temple crowns the summit of a small pyramid. There is a great open-air market and a general appearance of stability and prosperity.

In the midst of their wonder—a sudden shout. The Mayan warriors turn abruptly and hurl their obsidian tipped lances at the startled Spaniards. A shower of arrows hisses through the air.

Fifteen of the Spanish soldiers are wounded. But they are hard-bitten veterans, well accustomed to warfare. They respond instantly with a volley of musketry. The Indians, unprepared for anything of this sort, are utterly demoralized.

LOWER RIGHT: COLLECTING HONEY FROM A MAYAN BEEHIVE. HIVES ARE MADE BY CUTTING OFF A HOLLOW BRANCH OR TREE TRUNK WHERE BEES HAVE STORED HONEY, AND PUTTING STOPPERS IN EACH END. THE OWNER OF A HIVE CARVES HIS NAME ABOVE THE TINY OPENING. LOWER CENTER: TWO NATIVES OF YUCATAN DISPLAY A MAYAN HAMMOCK MADE OF HENEQUEN FIBERS, THE TYPICAL BED OF THE MIDDLE CLASS. RIGHT: A MODERN MAYAN MOTHER WITH HER CHILD



Several of them are killed instantly, and the others break into panicky flight.

Cordoba's men are left alone in the deserted square. They enter the houses, empty except for cringing women and children, and take whatever pleases them.

Bernal Diaz says: "Within the houses the Indians had some small wooden chests, and in them were idols and some little disks made partly of gold. From the moment we had seen both the gold and the houses of mortar and stone, we were pleased that we had discovered such a country."

Ah, yes, the fate of the crumbling Mayan nation was sealed that day, when the triumphant Spanish soldiers found those little disks "made partly of gold."

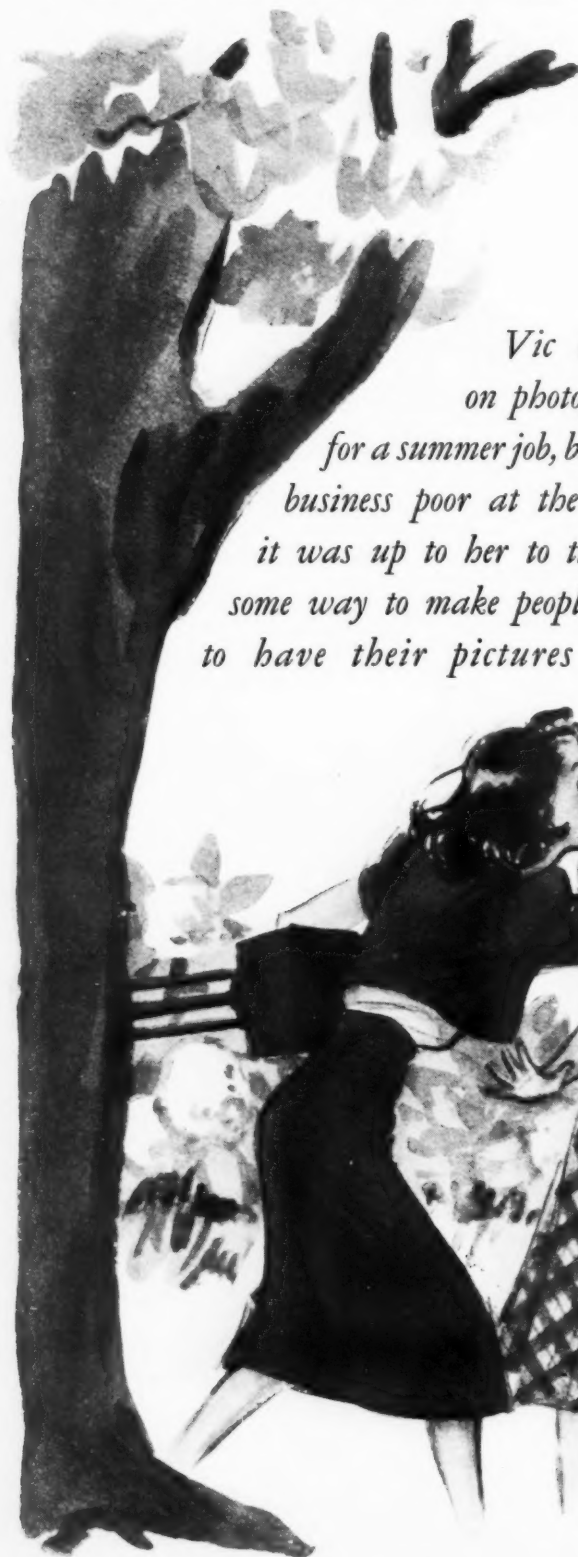
Cordoba's expedition failed, but others followed in his wake. There were several unsuccessful attempts to conquer the fierce warriors of Yucatan. The Mayas had the advantage of numbers and of fighting in familiar territory, but the invaders had the greater advantage of metal armor, muskets, and cannon. And what was even more terrifying to the Indian mind—horses.

These animals were entirely unknown to the ancient dwellers of (Continued on page 32)



VIC PUTS ON THE DOG

*Vic counted
on photography
for a summer job, but with
business poor at the studio
it was up to her to think of
some way to make people want
to have their pictures taken*



VIC stared at the note. "Dear Girl," it read, "Two big cowards we are to put this in writing, but it is too hard to tell you. The photography business is poor, and we can not have you help us again this summer, like last. With fondest love, The Higgies."

No job. Ever since she could remember, Victoria Thomas had hung around the Higgins Studio over on the boulevard, and the Higgies (as she called them) had taught her a great deal about the work. By the time she was fourteen she could make prints as well as anyone—unless she fell to daydreaming and forgot to watch the darkroom clock. How Mom scolded about Vic's pyro-stained fingers! And all last summer she had earned five dollars a week just for doing odd jobs—mounting prints, framing, delivering, spotting prints.

Vic decided she wouldn't waste time being unhappy about the lost job. If the Higgies couldn't pay, why, she'd work free. She wasn't going to stop learning photography now. She'd go right down and tell them. Hadn't Collin Harris told her that, at his college, many students worked on newspapers just for the experience while they were learning journalism?

On her way to the boulevard she passed the big house with a fence all around it where Mona Davidson, her best friend, lived. Lucky Mona! She needn't worry about getting to college. She was an only child, while Vic was the oldest of five, and Mona's family didn't have the financial struggles the Thomases always seemed to.

At the gate, a loud, deep-toned barking greeted Vic. On the other side stood

SHE SWOOPED UPON HER FRIEND IN A GREAT EMBRACE AND WHISPERED TO HER WHAT HAD HAPPENED, WHILE COLLIN TUSSELED WITH JONATHAN, THE GREAT DANE

By HELEN DIEHL OLDS

a huge Great Dane, with Mona looking small beside him. "Hello, Mona! Hello, Jonathan!" Vic spoke to the dog as though he were a human. That was what Mona liked. "Come in, Vic," Mona invited above the barks. "Be quiet, boy." She turned to the dog.

"Can't stay but a sec. On my way to the studio," replied her friend.

"I must show you—Jon has a new trick! Jon, sit down and smile!"

The huge dog looked inquiringly into her face, then dropped upon his haunches, opened his mouth and grinned.

"That's awfully cute. Wish I had a picture of him!" Vic had the true photographer's urge to photograph everything that interested her.

THE Higgins Studio was in the center of Baydale, and you had to walk upstairs. It was a dingy place, with faded velvet drapes supposed to separate the studio part from the waiting room. Around the walls were pictured babies of all ages, smiling, scowling, yawning, undressed, overdressed. There was a picture of Vic, taken when she was eleven. Nearly six years ago! How she'd changed.

Vic peeped behind the curtains. A background of a painted stairway had been shoved aside; the floor in one corner was cluttered with toys to amuse youngsters while they were being photographed.

"Sh!" came the warning from Mrs. Higgle, who was perched on a stool on the side lines. Higgle's gray head was out of sight behind the black cloth of the camera, focusing. Vic craned to see the subject. It was a brown dog, seated on a piano bench and wearing a pair of Higgle's spectacles. She stood still until the click of the shutter told her the exposure had been made.

"Thought I'd try taking some pictures of Brownie so I wouldn't forget how to squeeze the bulb." Higgle was folding up the black focusing cloth. "It's been weeks since we had a customer, and then it was only six postal pictures of a pair of twins!"

"What about commencement pictures?" asked Vic.

Higgle shook his head. "Not a one came except the butcher's daughter, and her father's going to take it off our bill."

"We tried the baby special again, but no one came," Mrs.

Higgle sighed. "I never did see such a bad season."

"Photography is going to the dogs," stated Higgle. "That's a sort of joke, seeing I've been taking pictures of Brownie."

"So we can't have you help us this summer, Victoria."

"Don't let that worry you, Mrs. Higgle!" Vic patted the plump arm in its rolled-up sleeve. "I'm going to work free."

They protested. She argued a bit, then swiftly changed the subject. "Say, Higgle, seeing you take Brownie's picture gave me an idea. Perhaps folks would like to have their dogs photographed."

"If they won't buy our baby specials at reduced prices, they won't spend money on dogs!" said Higgle. "Who'd pay for a dog's picture?"

"There are plenty of wealthy people here on Long Island who are crazy about their dogs," Vic insisted. She simply had to find some way to bring business to the studio, so the Higglies would let her work again. "I know a girl who'd buy pictures of her dog, I'm sure. I believe I'll go take a picture right now! May I, on spec?"

That meant speculation, with no deposit or any guarantee expected of the customer. But Vic was sure Mona's Jonathan would make a perfect sample for the dog picture business, and she wanted to start right away.

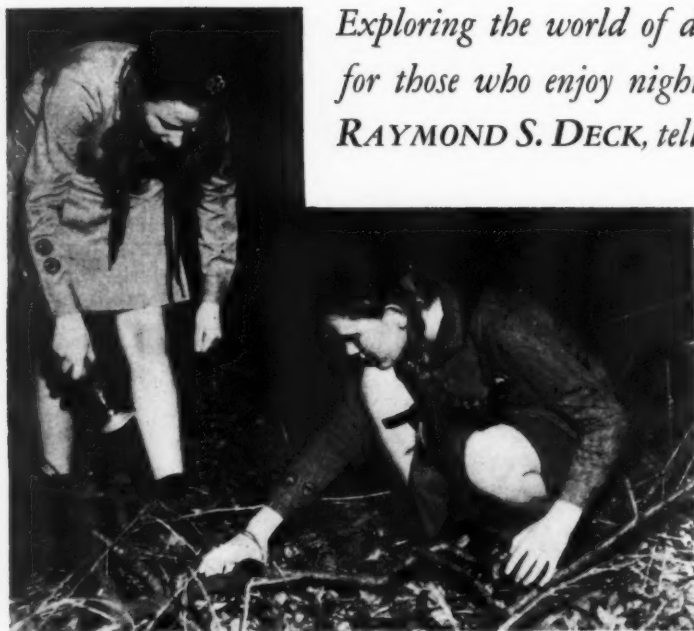
"Sure thing. I'll stake you to the film, and help yourself to whatever equipment you want. I'll give you a regular commission on any orders you bring in."

Higgle was interrupted. The studio door opened with a jerk, and in walked a young man. It was Collin Harris. He bounded across the room, slapped Higgle on the back, and nodded to the others. "The *Journal* wants a photograph of Miss Slatter and the man she's just married," he said. "And, believe it or not, they've consented to pose. I brought 'em along. If you take 'em right now and give me a glossy by three o'clock, it can make to-morrow's paper."

"A sitting!" Mrs. Higgle hurried into the dark room. The young couple came in. The bride was not much older than Vic, a pretty girl in an organdie frock. The bridegroom's (Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by
MEG WOHLBERG





HUNTING NIGHTCRAWLERS, THE BIG PINK EARTHWORMS THAT COME UP AMONG DAMP LEAVES IN JUNE WOODS AFTER RAINS

Exploring the world of darkness can be a fascinating game, for those who enjoy night hikes. A favorite nature author—

RAYMOND S. DECK, tells you what to look for in

The WOODS BY FLASH LIGHT

A TOAD SOUNDS FORTH HIS EVENING SERENADE, SINGING INTO HIS PUFFED-OUT LOUD SPEAKER



WHAT'S THAT?

ONE time I went camping with another boy. We wanted to enjoy a few days' fishing in a certain creek. By night we planned to sleep in straw piled in a deserted farmhouse owned by my friend's father.

Everything was fine, the first afternoon. We caught some fat sunfish and cooked them for supper. We built a fire in the

yawning fireplace when it got dark—not to keep us warm, but to make it more cheerful and friendly. (Deserted farmhouses aren't cheerful when it starts to get dark!) By nine o'clock, we'd rolled up in our blankets. I was lying wide-awake, thinking how quiet and lonesome it is when two boys are miles out in the country by themselves, and how bright and cheerful it always is at home about that time of night.

Just then a wild shriek rang out on the night air. It wasn't an ordinary sound. You would have been scared by it—and so were we! It was such a loud, piercing scream that we thought it could not have come from the throat of any animal smaller than a lion. The horrible wail rolled over the West Virginia hills and penetrated the deepest crevices of the deserted farmhouse.

Well, we didn't go to sleep for quite a while. You couldn't have slept, either, could you, if you had been running across fields and jumping fences, racing down the road as hard as you could go? You'd never have slept a wink until you'd run all the way home, just like Paul and I did.

Presently I will tell you what the thing was that uttered that bloodcurdling shriek, but I'm not going to tell you now, because, if I did, you wouldn't know the suspense that makes the out-of-doors exciting by night. The main thing that makes it a thrilling experience to explore the woods by flash light is the mystery of it. The greatest naturalist on earth couldn't say, for sure, what made *this* particular squeak, or *that* mysterious rustle in the leaves. He couldn't explain a thousand nighttime sounds like that, any more than you or I could.

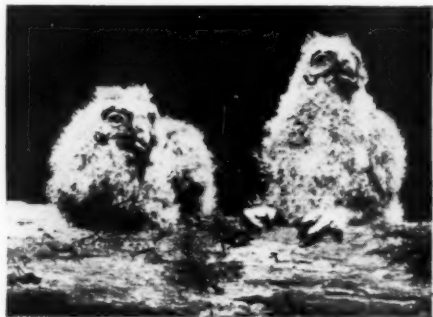
The reason people can never be thoroughly familiar with the night woods is that they can't see as well as minks and owls can, and the other creatures that wake up when twilight falls. If they could, there would be no special mystery



A GREAT BLUE HERON IS SURPRISED ON A FROGGING EXPEDITION AT A POND'S EDGE. ALL SPECIES OF HERONS ARE NIGHT FEEDERS

wrapped about the night world. There would be only a different set of birds and animals moving about. But when you realize that you can never hope to see the creatures of the night except in little flashes in a world of darkness, then you will understand the rare mystery people miss when they retire into their houses at night, like gray squirrels into their nests. Sometimes they should go out exploring instead. Why don't you introduce the nature game of night hiking to your friends?

The time to start on a night hike is just after sunset. That



Photographs
by the
AUTHOR

DOWNY OWLETS ON A LIMB ARE A MEMORABLE NIGHT DISCOVERY FOR ANY FLASH LIGHT

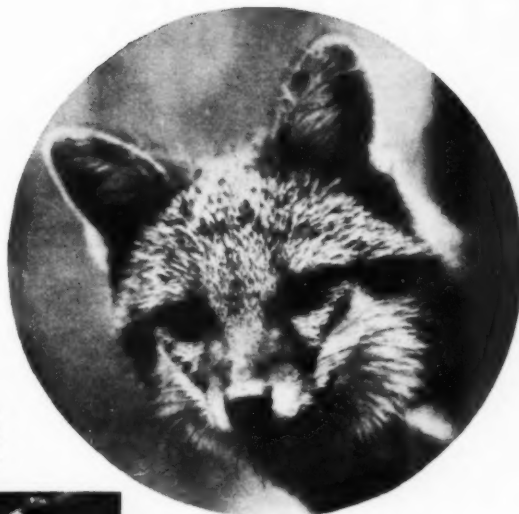
is the beautiful hour when our white lighted world is melting into the mysterious world of darkness. It is the time when robins, brown thrashers, and many other familiar birds are singing their vespers. Birds sing more beautifully just before dusk, I think, than at any other time. If you like to pretend, you can imagine they're all singing, "Good-night! God bless you!" a good deal the way human parents say things like that to their children at night.

But singing thrashers, gray squirrels going to their nests, and the thousand other bedtime preparations of creatures of the day are only half of nature's program of twilight. In the fields, on the high limbs of giant trees, among reeds and marsh grass in the swamp, a whole new universe is waking up. Among live things night comes just the way it does in the sky, when the sun sinks down, and the moon, with a million blue-white stars and planets, takes its place.

Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will! You and your friends, with the leader of your nature club, will hardly have left the city before you hear the cheery whistles of that gray-brown bird. It is a funny bird, the whip-poor-will, with its owl-like appearance and ways, with its ringing song that sometimes is repeated hundreds of times without a pause. But it isn't any odder than its cousin, the nighthawk. And the nighthawk lives, not only in brushy woods but frequently rears its family within the limits of the greatest cities.

Did you ever hear a loud, insect-like *bzzt-bzzt* from overhead at night? That is the song of the whip-poor-will's cousin, the nighthawk. The nighthawk—called "bull bat" in the South—looks just like his better known relative, except for a white band across each wing. Nighthawks once laid their two eggs only on boulders, or in gravel pits, but times have changed. Nowadays they frequently rear their twins on the gravelly roofs of apartment houses, high above the roar of city traffic. Along busy Gramatan Avenue in Mount Vernon, New York, not far from my home, you can hear nighthawks crying *bzzt, bzzt* on any night in June, as they fly about catching mosquitoes.

In earlier issues of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I have told you a few things about my family's wildlife sanctuary in Connecticut. (Remember Jean and (Continued on page 49)



LIKE MANY OTHER WILD, FURRED ANIMALS, FOXES ARE NIGHT-ROAMING IN THEIR HABITS. THEIR BARKING REMINDS ONE OF A COLLIE PUP'S



THE TINY, GRAY-BROWN SAW-WHET OWL IS SO TAME AND TRUSTING THAT, IF YOU FIND ONE PERCHED IN AN EVERGREEN, YOU FREQUENTLY CAN CATCH IT IN YOUR HANDS



PEERING ALOFT WHERE THE LIGHT FROM THEIR FLASH PICKS OUT THE BRANCHES, TWO SCOUTS INVESTIGATE A MYSTERIOUS SOUND

SOMETHING *to* REMEMBER

PART THREE

EM'S ears were pounding from her sudden wakening and, as she jerked up to a sitting position, her neck and shoulder twinged hurtlingly from lying in a cramped position on the ground. "Gone! Did you say gone, Kip? But where—where could they go?"

Kip's face was only a gray blur in the distance. His troubled voice answered, "I wish I could figure it out. I never saw critters so plumb played out as they were. Why, I doubt if a whole pack of wolves could have induced them to stampede. It couldn't have been their own idea to leave their bed ground."

"You mean somebody drove them?"

"Somebody had to."

Em was wide awake now. She said slowly, "Yes, somebody *did* drive them." Brought up on the range as she had been, Em had something of a sixth sense. She had a dim feeling that, while she slept so soundly there in her blanket, the cattle had been shagged off their bed ground—it was like a dim, forgotten dream. And that same sixth sense told her that they had been headed north.

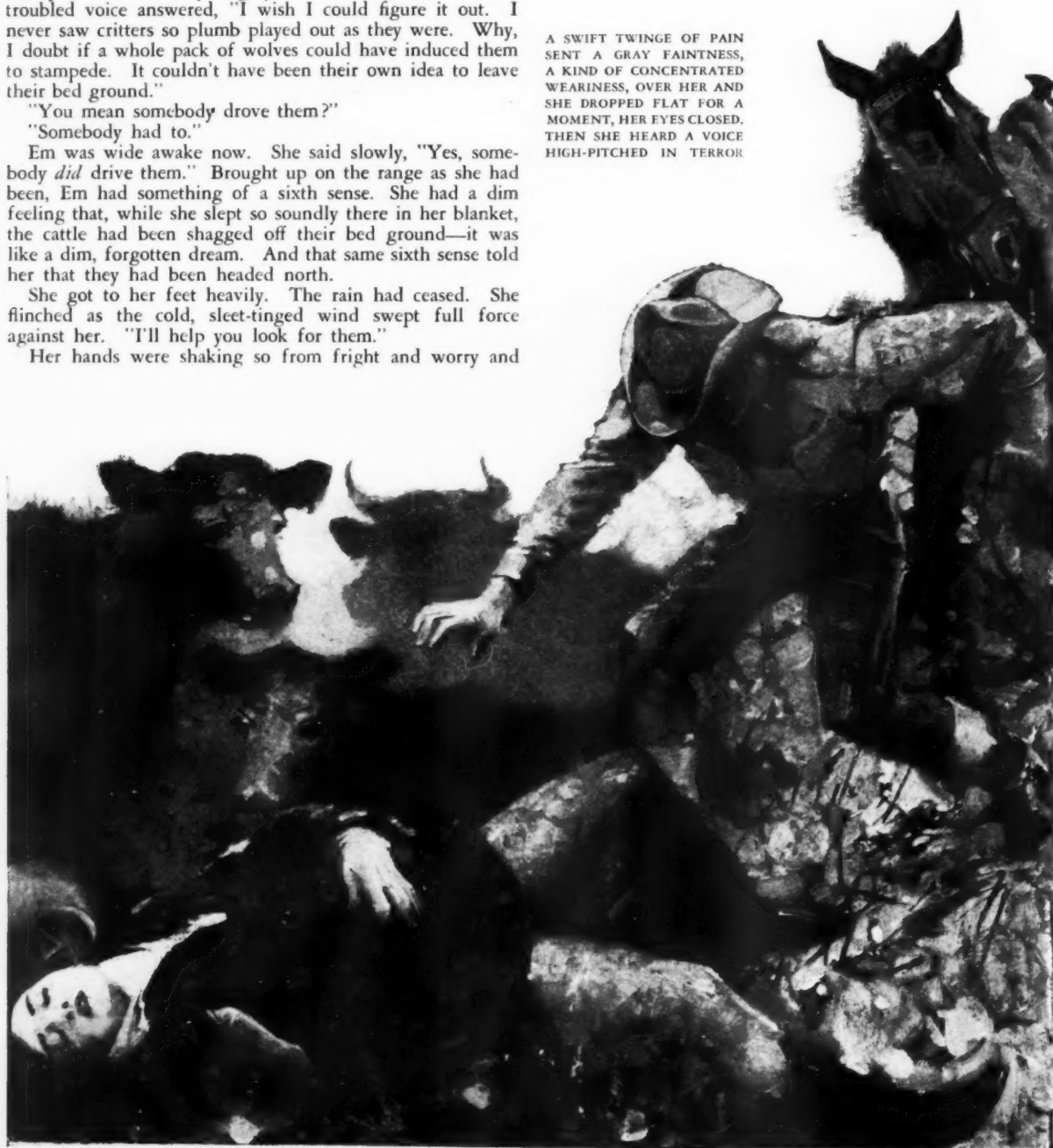
She got to her feet heavily. The rain had ceased. She flinched as the cold, sleet-tinged wind swept full force against her. "I'll help you look for them."

Her hands were shaking so from fright and worry and

With the Old Soapy crossed but the cattle strangely missing, Em and Kip face defeat until Em, by chance, clears up two mysteries and turns defeat into triumph

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

A SWIFT TWINGE OF PAIN
SENT A GRAY FAINTNESS,
A KIND OF CONCENTRATED
WEARINESS, OVER HER AND
SHE DROPPED FLAT FOR A
MOMENT, HER EYES CLOSED.
THEN SHE HEARD A VOICE
HIGH-PITCHED IN TERROR



Illustrated by

ERIC NORDVELDT



*The Story
So Far*

Em Deneen and Kip O'Malley, niece and ward, respectively, of the owner of The Flying Crow Ranch in Colorado, set out for Agricultural College, driving a herd of seventy-four cattle (which are to pay the expenses of their college course) to Denver to be sold. Pinto Jones, cowboy at the Flying Crow, Maw Lathrop, a neighboring ranch owner, and her flighty son, known as Windy, accompany Em and Kip. All goes well for a day or two until a rancher drops into their camp, one evening, and tells them that the next county is quarantined for splenic fever, and that, if they attempt to drive their cattle across, they are likely to be held up indefinitely. Windy—who has a hidden reason for disliking the trip—urges the others to turn back, but Kip decides to go on, skirting the quarantined county. To their distress, they find the next county also quarantined. This makes it necessary to cross the "Bad Lands," dry and hot, home of rattlesnakes and mosquitoes, and, worst of all, to swim the "Old Soapy," the treacherous, swift alkali river which runs between the Bad Lands and the foothills. After losing "Little Miss Brown," a calf, from snake-bite, almost losing the entire herd from thirst, and, later, almost losing Em and Windy in swimming the Old Soapy, the weary, discouraged little party, soaked to the skin from the river, settles down to sleep in a pouring rain. Kip, waking to see that all is well with the cattle, is amazed to find the entire herd has mysteriously disappeared.

cold that, after she had thrown the saddle on Pal o' Mine, she couldn't cinch it. Kip did it for her, muttered, "Gosh, Em, I wish I could get a fire started. If I ever saw a frozen sparrow, you're it."

Em didn't answer. Under her shivering she was all heart-thudding uneasiness. This was strange country. Could some thief have bundled off their whole herd while they slept? She'd even heard of cattle going crazy and walking over cliffs. Could they, maybe, have been alkali'd? She was so light-headed she couldn't even think clearly.

Pal o' Mine grunted in tired reproach as Em climbed stiffly into the saddle. Kip said, "You sure you're all right?" and she nodded. Kip would go in one direction and she'd take the other. They'd leave Pinto here at camp. And there was no use waking Windy or Maw Lathrop.

A pale moon poked out from behind dark, ragged clouds. Em rode slowly, straining her eyes through the darkness. The wind blew stronger and colder, making her realize that her clothes were still damp from her dousing. If only she had

something warm and dry to pull around her. The wind had the feel of a blizzard. Why, of course, this was Blizzard Pass where someone had described the weather as being eleven months of January and one month of late fall. It was hard to find a trail to follow, for it was foothill country and one ravine after another cut through.

She had ridden for a couple of hours, and had had to urge Pal on more sharply as time passed. Clouds were sliding over the wisp of a moon. Finally Pal o' Mine stopped in utter exhaustion. Em muttered heavily, "I know you're tuckered out, Pal. We can't expect a horse to plod all day and all night, can we?"

She slid out of the saddle, walked ahead a few feet. Yes, this was bad country. One could easily slide over a precipice and into a steep ravine. She felt her way back to Pal, murmuring, "Guess we'd better wait for daylight." She peeled the saddle and blanket off the horse. He would rest better without the saddle's weight and besides she wanted the saddle blanket to wrap around herself. She wrapped it snugly about her shivering body, grateful for the body warmth of the animal which it held momentarily. She lay close to the horse, and Pal stood, his head drooping over her. Em's head was ringing with weariness, her limbs ached with it.

She was wakened in dazed numbness by Pal o' Mine nudging at her. There was a hint of gray dawn in the sky, but Em didn't want to rouse herself. She had never known such a heavy, clogging stupor. The cold had penetrated through the saddle blanket and her wet clothes, and had numbed her body. She wanted to lie there and sleep and sleep.

Warning thoughts began prodding through her drowsiness. This was Blizzard Pass. It was called that because a whole family had frozen to death here in a blizzard. But if she could sleep for only a little while, she'd be able to go on; she was too tired, too weak with hunger to get up and face that icy wind.

Pal nudged her roughly again. She partially roused. She must stir or she would go on sleeping—and never wake. Even to move was an effort. She sensed that she was close to a ravine. She crawled over slowly, looked groggily down. It wasn't awfully steep, or rocky. She could roll down the ravine and that would rouse her, would start her blood circulating. She mumbled thickly, "I'll be back, Pal," and rolled herself over the cliff's edge.

She felt herself rolling, hitting against bushes, clumps of weeds and rocks. Was there no end to this ravine, she thought with sudden panic? Would she go on rolling and rolling? But suddenly she stopped. A soft bovine body had stopped her. She heard a grunt as she landed with a thud against the bulky, warm body. She sat up, opened her eyes.

It all seemed part of an Alice-in-Wonderland unreality, for it was the body of a cow, lying down, that had stopped her, and the body was red, the face white, like her own Herefords.

The heifer gave a snort of surprise, lurched to its feet. Em rubbed her eyes unbelievably. Why, here were their cattle in this narrow ravine. Here were Kip's rangy yearlings, his "she-stuff," their hides still water-marked from the

alkali water. There were her own three—four—five Herefords. They were all lying down, too tired even to bawl.

Em's blood was pounding through her veins now. She felt warm, exhilarated. She put her weight on her arm to pull herself up, but a swift twinge of pain sent a gray faintness, a kind of concentrated weariness, over her, and she dropped flat for a moment, her eyes closed.

Then she heard a voice, high-pitched with terror. "Em! Em, I saw you rolling down the ravine—" and then a moan, "Oh, oh, you're dead—and it's all my fault! It's all my fault for stealing your cattle. Oh, Em, it's all my fault—and I wish I was dead, too."

The terror-stricken voice was Windy Lathrop's. Em tried to tell him she wasn't dead, but only a whimper came from her lips. She heard him give a grateful gulp. "Oh, gosh, Em, I'm sure glad you're not dead. But you've got an awful cut on your arm. Here, lean on me while I fix it." She heard the rip of cloth, sensed that Windy was hurriedly tearing the sleeve out of his prized gray flannel shirt. He wrapped a strip of it snugly around her arm. Em moved tentatively. The blood was pounding warmly through her. Outside of bruises and scratches and her sore arm and that light-headedness that came from going without food, she felt fine.

She sat up and stared at Windy. "Why did you steal our cattle and hide them in this ravine?" she asked bluntly.

"I didn't aim to steal them," Windy said. "I just figured it wouldn't do no particular harm. It'd just hold you up for a day or two."

Em cried angrily, "My goodness, Windy, haven't we been held up long enough as it is?"

"Not quite," he ad-

mitted. "If we could take just two days more, I figure she'd give up hope, and go back to Iowa and enter nurse's training."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Em asked. "Who would go back to Iowa? Who would enter nurse's training?"

"Imogene," Windy said weakly.

"It's all as clear as Mulligan stew."

"Imogene is my Pen Pal."

"Oh!" Em was partially enlightened. "You mean the one that lives in Iowa and sends all those post cards?"

"She did live in Iowa," Windy admitted ruefully, "and I don't suppose she'll ever send me any more post cards. You see, I never thought but what she'd always be in Iowa. Didn't you think Iowa was awful far away? But she came to Denver with her Uncle John."

"I should think you'd be glad," Em said. "You're going to Denver—Pen Pal meets Pen Pal."

"But that ain't the awful part," Windy confessed. "It's that she wants to come out to the Slash T and live a life of romance, riding with me on the great open plains."

"Would you mind telling *all*?" Em said in exasperation. It still rankled that Windy had given them the greatest fright of their lives. She could imagine poor worn-out Kip O'Malley, on his tired bay, combing these foothills looking for their cattle.

The affair had started, Windy said, when he'd read in the back of a Western magazine a letter from Imogene in Iowa, in which she told how she thought cowboys were heroes, and that life on the Western plains was all romance. And so, he, Windy, had started writing to her. Well, he guessed he had spread it on pretty thick—it was a lot more fun writing five or six page letters to Imogene than looking at the same old catalog all winter. Imogene had insisted on a picture, and Windy had come across a picture of a cowboy sitting on a horse, holding a cup.

"Whose picture was it?" Em asked suspiciously.

"Oh, it was a picture we happened to have—and I just thought I'd send it. You know I don't ever take a very good picture."

Em demanded, "Was it that picture of Kip O'Malley they took when he won the silver trophy for being all-around cowboy?"

"Yes," gulped Windy.

Em gave a low whistle. "But I still don't *sabe* just why Maw Lathrop is dragging you into Denver. Just to show you up?"

No, that wasn't Maw's principal motive. Imogene had written on a post card that, as long as she was in Denver and so close to the land of romance, she was coming out to live in it. She wasn't going back to Iowa with Uncle John, and she wasn't going to enter any humdrum nurse's training just because her folks wanted her to.

"Oh m'gosh," breathed Em. "You must have been very convincing on paper."

Oh no, Windy denied. It wasn't his fault, was it, that Imogene should decide to be a cow-girl and ride by his side and live a romantic life?

"So that's what upset your mother so," Em mused, remembering (Continued on page 36)



PAL, DEEPLY RESENTFUL, GAVE A STIFF-LEGGED JUMP JUST TO REMIND HER HE COULD STILL BUCK

Announcing the WINNERS

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**P**EGASUS came riding daily to the offices of THE AMERICAN GIRL all during January, February, and March, weighted down with poetry. During the last three days of the contest, fifteen hundred poems were received. The total number submitted by contestants reached four thousand, five hundred and forty-six, submitted by two thousand, one hundred and seventy-two girls. Poems came from all over the United States, including the Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, Alaska, and Hawaii, and from China, Japan, England, and South America. The subject range was equally wide, but it was particularly interesting to note that four out of every hundred poems submitted were written on some phase of war and peace.



### When PEGASUS Came Riding

~~~~~

GLORIA PATRI First Prize

He comes in little things;
The small and scurrying sounds of forest folk,
The round, brown acorn cups of that tall oak,
And on the curving wings
Of swallows, and the slender stems of grass
That rustle now so softly where I pass.

He comes in little things;
The vaulting scarlet of this maple leaf,
The golden birches, and in the white reef
Of cloud along the blue horizon's edge,
And pine trees dark along this rocky ledge,

This happy brook that sings
So merrily. O, may I not forget
That He is close and all about me set,
In this small stone, in green ferns bending near,
In everything, common and kind and dear.

By Helen Caroline Creeley, Age 16

A CRIPPLE'S FAREWELL TO THE GYPSIES Second Prize

Godspeed you, roaming, wishful ones,
Be clear your days, be bright your suns.
The road be gay, the burden light,
Blue skies by day and stars by night.

And I who watch your going,
You brothers of the birds,
Can only speak my longing
In empty, futile words.

I send my spirit after,
O'er the trails you know,
As a speeding arrow
From my misshapen bow.

By Christine MacGill, Age 15

DUSK IN THE ORCHARD Third Prize, Tie

Dark shadows shifting in the winds that pass,
Pale apples, lying pearl-like in the grass;
Half-hidden, shining like a lovely star
Or a lamp half-burned away, the apples are.
The bent old trees I knew so well by day
Seem different, now the light has gone away.
Like some old friend I have not seen for years
And scarcely know, this twisted trunk appears.
'Tis not the happy orchard that I knew,
But something new and strange I've come into!

By Madalynne Geller, Age 14

The Judges were

MARGARET WIDDEMER
poet and novelist

FJERIL HESS
author of books for girls, and
editor of "The Girl Scout Leader"

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN
poet, and Pulitzer Prize winner

FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00

Helen Caroline Creeley
West Acton, Massachusetts
Age 16 Troop 1
for "Gloria Patri"

SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00

Christine MacGill
Los Angeles, California
Age 15 Mountaineer Troop 44
for "A Cripple's Farewell to the Gypsies"

THIRD PRIZE, A Tie

\$3.00 to each winner
Madalynne Geller
Bronx, New York
Age 14 Troop 29
for "Dusk in the Orchard"

Hazel Lemond
Keego Harbor, Michigan
Age 12 Troop 30
for "Sparrow"

HONORABLE MENTIONS,

\$1.00, each
Helen Caroline Creeley
West Acton, Massachusetts
Age 16 Troop 1
for "Meadow in May"

Ann Creech, Age 16
Smithfield, North Carolina
for "To Somnambulists"

Clare Green, Age 16
Liverpool, England
for "Black Cat"

Betty Jo Hendrix, Age 12
Pacific, Missouri
for "The Race"

Caroline Butchko, Age 19
Bethany, West Virginia
for "I Heard Silence Awaken"

Marina Prjmovsky
Stratford, Connecticut
Age 15 Troop 61
for "There, Where My Heart Is"

Joanna Evans Baxter
Asheville, North Carolina
Age 13 Troop 10
for "Rain"

Sybil Bruskin
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Age 16 Troop 10
for "Signs of Spring"

Marian Richardson, Age 13
Elizabeth, Indiana
for "Spring"

Nancy Smith, Age 16
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
for "The Wild"

of the POETRY CONTEST

~~~~~

The Editors of THE AMERICAN GIRL and the judges of the contest were proud of the young poets and pleased with the quality of the verse, and the judges confessed to real difficulty in making their selections. Fifty of the best poems, including the fourteen poems awarded prizes, have been collected in a book entitled "First Flight," hand-bound in green leather, which was on exhibit at the New York World's Fair during National Poetry Day, May twenty-sixth. The names of the winners to whom prizes were awarded are listed below. The Editors regret that space does not permit printing all of the poems awarded Honorable Mention. However, they will appear in future issues of the magazine.

#### SPARROW Third Prize, Tie

Perched on the bare bough,  
He arches his throat  
And sounds it twice—  
A queer little note.

A moment after,  
His meaning is plain,  
For the first drops come—  
It was grace before rain.

By Hazel Lemond, Age 12

#### RAIN Honorable Mention

You can see naught but a darkened sky,  
The cars go slowly splashing by  
And taxi, taxi, is the cry.  
The ones with umbrellas rush out the door,  
The ones without shelter seek a store,  
And then the rain begins to pour—  
Rain in the city.

In the country never a sound is heard  
Save the rain and the chirp of a far-off bird,  
And no one thinks to utter a word . . .  
Up in the little room under the eaves  
The wall of the old house shakes and heaves.  
The rain beats hard on the roof, then leaves—  
Rain in the country.

By Joanna Evans Baxter, Age 13

#### THE WILD Honorable Mention

I stole along the silent forest path  
And felt at my back a hundred curious eyes;  
The Wild was watching me with bated breath,  
And, when I passed, I heard a hundred sighs  
Like a forest rustling after a storm goes by.

I thought I held the Wild in my hand  
When I held a trembling sparrow, sooty and gray;  
His frightened spirit flickered and almost died—  
I saw it glint as it tried to run away  
Like rain trapped in the bottom of a barrel.

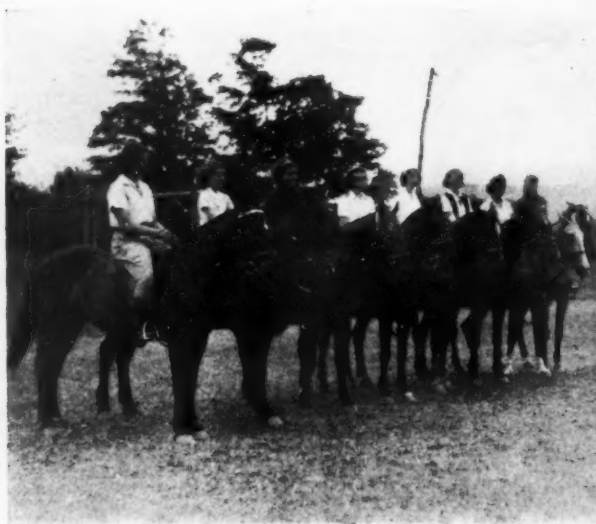
I can feel the pulse of the Wild outside my house;  
It was meant to be free and bright and to start  
At my stealthy steps. When you touch it, the Wild  
Becomes a sparrow, gray. His pounding heart,  
Like a storm, is knocking at my shuttered house.

By Nancy Smith, Age 16

# "RIDE A

# COCK

*Girl Scouts take  
readily as ducks*



HORSEBACK RIDING IS POPULAR AT CAMP HOOVER, TULLY, NEW YORK. GIRL SCOUTS LEARN HOW TO SADDLE AND BRIDLE THEIR MOUNTS, AS WELL AS GOOD FORM IN RIDING, THE VARIOUS GAITS WITH CORRECT POSITIONS FOR EACH, AND THE RULES OF COURTESY AND SAFETY



LOVE ME—LOVE MY  
HORSE!

LEFT: A SHETLAND  
PONY IS JUST THE  
RIGHT SIZE FOR A  
BROWNIE TO RIDE



SKIMMING THE BAR LIKE A SWALLOW, GIRL SCOUT AND  
MID-AIR, IN THIS STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH. BOTH KNOW



AN ALL-DAY OUTING FROM A GIRL SCOUT CAMP IN CONNECTICUT. WHILE DOBBIN PULLS A LOAD OF GIRLS IN A FARMER'S CART, OTHER CAMPERS FOLLOW ON HORSEBACK. IT LOOKS LIKE A JOLLY TIME, AND ONE CAN ALMOST HEAR THEIR LAUGHTER RINGING OUT

RIGHT: THREE PEORIA, ILLINOIS, BROWNIES TAKE TURNS RIDING  
THE CAMP PONY WHO FIRST SUBMITS DOCILELY TO A PETTING



# K HORSE

ts take to horses as  
ducks take to water



RIGHT: WITH HAND  
ON VELVET NOSE, A  
SCOUT SHOWS HER  
MOUNT AFFECTION

RL SCOUT AND HER STEED ARE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA IN  
BOTH KNOW THE EXHILARATION AND THE JOY OF FLIGHT



to BANBURY CROSS"



LINED UP FOR INSPEC-  
TION, GIRL SCOUTS OF  
BLUEBIRD AND ROBIN  
TROOPS, COLUMBUS,  
GEORGIA, ARE READY  
TO TAKE PART IN A  
RIDING DRILL AS ONE  
OF THE REQUIRE-  
MENTS FOR THE  
HORSEWOMAN BADGE



RIDING IS GRAND SPORT FOR GIRL SCOUTS OF SALT LAKE CITY. IN  
THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE, RIDERS MOUNT THEIR HORSES BEFORE  
ONE OF THE BUILDINGS AT CAMP PIÑAR, WHILE, BELOW, THEY ARE  
SEEN RIDING AN UPHILL TRAIL ON A SPARKLING MOUNTAIN DAY



# Camp

RIGHT: ALICE IS WISE FOR SHE HAS  
SNAPSHOTS LIKE THIS TO RECALL  
THE CANOE TRIP SHE TOOK WITH  
TEN OTHER SCOUTS LAST SUMMER



LEFT: MARY ELLEN  
CAN RECALL THE  
THRILL OF LEARN-  
ING ABOUT SAIL-  
ING AND SAILOR  
CRAFT WHEN SHE  
LOOKS OVER HER  
SNAPSHOT REC-  
ORD OF A HAPPY  
SEAGOING SUMMER  
AT A GIRL SCOUT  
SAILING CAMP



Photograph below by  
Gravelle Pictorial  
News Service

Photograph by Paul Parker  
AN OVERNIGHT STOP FOR CAMP  
ANDREE SCOUTS ON A MEMOR-  
ABLE BICYCLE GYPSY TRIP



A VACATION is a vacation is a vacation," mused Patricia Pennypacker as she flipped over the pages of her last summer's photograph album, "but a vacation that is as full as mine was of things you've never done before is something pretty special, as vacations go.

"It was a perfect combination of the familiar with the unknown," she concluded. "Gay times in the open with the friends you liked best, with just enough flavor of the old West to make you feel that the James brothers and Billy the Kid might ride up any minute and it wouldn't seem strange. I'd always been crazy about horseback riding, but the kind they did in our city always seemed so stiff and stuffy; so when I heard about a camp where everybody rode a lot, as a matter of course, and not only rode but rode *somewhere*—well, I guess I was lost from that moment.

"Of course I'd been camping before," she ruminated. "In fact, I'd been so often that I thought I knew all there was to know about living in a tent and all the rest that goes with it, and was just about washed up on the whole thing. It was just by chance that I came across the Camp Mary White booklet and thought it sounded different. I didn't have any idea, then, that Marjorie Beston was thinking the very same thing away off in Minnesota and so was Betsy Price in Oklahoma and Cynthia Bond in New Jersey, and that we would meet and be such wonderful friends because we'd shared adventures together."

And such adventures! The pictures didn't tell half, but they weren't too meager a record, especially after Cynthia had developed such an enthusiasm for photography that she was practically never seen when she wasn't squinting through a "finder". Here was the whole history of that marvelous horseback trip to the Carlsbad Caverns. That snapshot of the take-off made Patricia smile as she noted how crisp and natty they all looked and how carefully their heels and elbows and

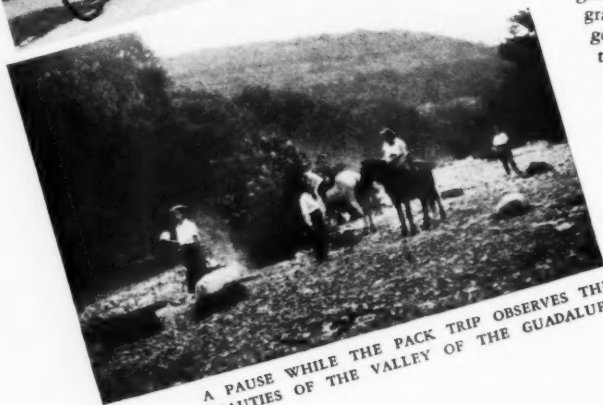
reins were held, all according to the best rules of horsemanship. It wasn't much like the later pictures of the absorbed and sunburned riders, she thought. This one showing the long stiff pull over the Guadalupe Mountain range was a good example. That *was* riding! One was too busy guiding the sturdy cow pony in and out of the precarious slides and ledges to care about the angle of the reins. And this one around the camp fire after a gloriously tiring day in the saddle, brought back many starlit nights.

Cynthia's camera had done well with the silhouetting against the firelight, and by that time most of the girls had mastered the "cowboy squat." Patricia noted, with respect, the half-kneeling, half-sitting position which is the mark of the true Westerner. And here was one of the horses drinking at the water hole; one of Betsy and Marjorie devouring with relish a huge pile of sour-dough biscuits; and a rather blurry one that was Patricia herself, her figure half obliterated by the swirls of dust, learning to rope a bucking calf.

Spring cleaning has unearthed many another photograph album; and many a determination to "move every piece of furniture in the room" has petered out into nostalgic musing when the book of snapshots of last summer's camping inadvertently tumbled out of the bookcase. There was the case of Mary Ellen, for instance, who had spent six weeks at the Sailing Camp at Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts. Was it any wonder that a glimpse into the photographic record of a seagoing summer, with the thrill of learning about sailing and sailor craft, completely banished from her mind all thought of studying for her geometry finals?

As for Barbara, who, for a whole ecstatic week, had been a member of the crew on board the ninety-two foot schooner, *Yankee*, along the North East coast, not even a book of photographs was necessary to re-

mind her of that experience. Just the sight of her Mariner blues, folded on the top shelf of her clothes closet, sufficed to lift her completely out of the routine world of Brentwood High School, and to bring back that indescribable odor of tar and fish and oilskin and wet rope and salty spray which makes the blood of any seaman leap in response. Her battered sou'wester is even more cherished than her new spring hat, because it reminds her of that breath-taking morning when, with



A PAUSE WHILE THE PACK TRIP OBSERVES THE  
BEAUTIES OF THE VALLEY OF THE GUADALUPE

# Adventures

## AFIELD and AFLOAT

*Girl Scouts who yearn for some new camping experience, who'd like to go to camps that combine the familiar with the unknown, will be especially interested in this article*

By ANN ROOS

*Training Adviser,  
Personnel Division,  
Girl Scouts, Inc.*

hammering heart but steady hands, she took her first trick at the wheel.

Some of Alice's snapshots, though cherished, are slightly out of focus, because she invariably had the urge to take one when the canoe was riding the rapids or being guided through a particularly tricky bit of water, all of which was not looked upon with too much favor by the counselors who acted as guides in the Voyageur trip from Camp Hoover, Tully, New York. "But why take pictures of a canoe trip at all," protested Alice, "if they are going to look like a jaunt around the lake in Central Park? Anyway, after the first day I learned to sit very still and not joggle the canoe as I photographed. And I ask you, would we ever have had that marvelous view of the doe and her two spotted fawns drinking at the Hidden Pool, if I hadn't had my camera handy? And what about those pictures of our very superior reflector fire, that we made against the rock so we could plank the fish we caught ourselves? And the one of the crane that *didn't* dump the coffee into the fire? And the ones of the darling little hemlock grove where we slept for two nights—and didn't want to leave because it was so cozy? And the ones of the canoes against the sunrise, the morning we pushed off at dawn? I know that every last one of the Voyageurs had prints made of those, so don't let me hear anybody peep about a camera weighing down the duffel, or that we lose time when we stop a minute to take a picture!"

Alice is wise, for, as each Voyageur stumbles on those pictures in her album, years and years hence, she is going to pause for a moment before turning the page and say, "We took a canoe trip that summer—ten of us. It was—," and here she will search for the right word and it will elude her, because there is no single word which means the pull of the paddle against the water, and the ache of the arms and shoulders in the long portages, and the sharp smell of bacon frying in the cold early morning, and the jagged march of pines along the farther shore.

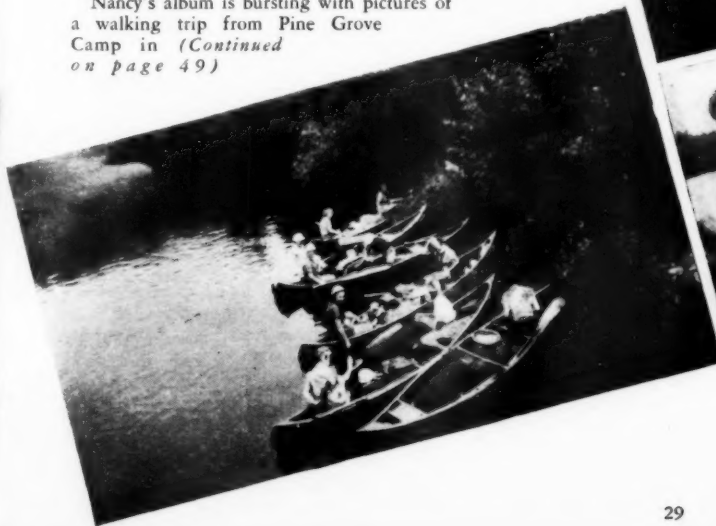
Nancy's album is bursting with pictures of a walking trip from Pine Grove Camp in (Continued on page 49)



BELOW: LASHING BIRCH BRANCHES TOGETHER FOR A NEW TABLE AND EATING BENCHES



HORSE AND WAGON ON TRIPS W/ LOTS OF FUN AT CAMP GREENWOOD



THESE PICTURES CAN BRING BACK TO ALICE THE PULL OF THE PADDLE AGAINST THE WATER AND THE ACHES OF THE ARMS AND SHOULDERS IN THE LONG PORTAGES, THE SHARP SMELL OF BACON FRYING IN THE EARLY MORNING, AND THE JAGGED MARCH OF PINES ALONG THE FURTHER SHORE

## VIC PUTS ON THE DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

spotless white flannels and blue coat made Collin's coatless state, rumpled hair, and open neck look unkempt.

The bride surveyed the place as though she did not think much of it. Higgle, beaming all over his wrinkled old face, approached them.

"Now, if you'll just—" he began.

Vic knew he was glad to have even an order from the newspaper, which paid only a small price for the print. Often the sitters ordered, though.

"Oh, Walter," the bride whispered to her brand-new husband, "I don't know. This place seems so old-fashioned."

"Doesn't look as though it has much business," admitted Walter. "Well, we needn't stay."

Vic had one of her sudden impulses. Mona always said her eagerness to help people got her into hot water, but now she had to help the Higgies hang on to this appointment. She plucked a small-sized camera and wooden tripod from the things on the floor, and selected a filled plate holder. Then she spoke in a brisk, businesslike tone. "I'm going out to take that picture at Miss Mona Davidson's, Mr. Higgins." She emphasized Mona's name. "Putting on the dog a bit," she confessed to herself.

The bride was impressed. "Mona Davidson? That wealthy girl with the gorgeous Great Dane? Well, if she has her picture taken by this studio, then I will, too."

Vic smiled at the success of her ruse. She was glad the bride didn't know that the picture was to be one of a dog, and that it wasn't a real appointment, either.

Collin was tossing a pencil into the air, catching it again. "Going to Mona's? Why didn't you say so?" He started out with her. "Got a car, Vic? If you haven't, I'll take you."

Vic tried to shake him. "Oh, no, thanks."

Her refusal did not bother him. "Say, it isn't every day I get to drive a pretty girl photographer around. Get in." He helped her into his car.

Vic felt panicky. She was in a jam again. Well, she'd ditch Collin at Mona's gate, but what if he stuck around and she had to take the picture with him watching critically? Here she was driving around with a grown-up newspaper man, she reflected, and she couldn't enjoy it because she had no idea how her photography experiment was going to turn out.

"This is better than going back to the *Journal* where I'm three-parts reporter and one-part office boy," Collin was saying. "What are you taking at Mona's?"

Vic had to answer. "Her dog," she faltered.

"Her dog? Gleeps, you photographers always have some new stunt. I'll have to stick around. Maybe I can get a feature. Ye Ed likes dogs, says they have heart appeal."

Vic hurried ahead to the gate, while Collin trailed behind with her camera equipment. She'd have to get a private word with Mona about the make-believe appointment. It was necessary to keep up the pretense before Collin, or she would be letting the Higgies down.

"Why, Vic!" Mona's greeting vibrated with surprise.

Vic swooped upon her friend in a great embrace, saying loudly, "Well, Mona, ready for me?" and whispered to her what had happened.

She looked around, but she need not have worried, for the Great Dane had started a

tussle with Collin—who had his hands full.

"I was just starting here and Collin tagged along," she finished to Mona, "so I told him I was coming here to shoot your dog."

"Shoot?" Mona was alarmed.

"Oh," laughed Vic, "that's what photographers say for taking a picture. Be a sport, and don't let a pal down."

"You're right on time," Mona remarked for Collin's benefit. She went over and patted Jon's big head. "You're going to have your picture taken, Jon."

In answer, the dog planted one playful but gigantic paw on her chest, nearly knocking her over.

Vic set up the tripod, then she looked around for a place to take the picture.

"Bright sunlight is the best," advised Collin.



"IT ISN'T EVERY DAY I GET TO DRIVE A PRETTY GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER AROUND"

"But it gives such harsh tones," objected Vic. "Even a dog would squint in this sun. Now, here's a perfect place!" She pointed to a huge hydrangea bush near the house.

"It isn't even in the sun!" scoffed Collin.

"No, but the white wall of the house will reflect plenty of light. Jon can be happy here out of the glare, and the checkered shadows will be pretty," Vic went on. "I'll have to bluff as best I can," she thought. After all she had taken snaps all her life, and Higgle had even let her take a few portraits last summer.

She judged the distance and got her focus, with the camera on the tripod. She set the diaphragm opening at f.11, debating about the length of the exposure. Would the standard one-fiftieth of a second be quick enough to catch that fleeting smile of the dog's? She decided to cut it down a hundredth of a second. That would halve the light, too, but it was a good, bright day and, with this fast film, everything ought to be all right. Her hand trembled as she made the adjustment.

The camera was ready, but Jon was not. He had stalked off, and when Mona ordered

him to the spot selected, he went with mournful patience.

"That'll never do!" Vic cried. Then she remembered how Higgle always romped with the youngsters before he tried to photograph them. She patted Jon's head, gave him a push, and they tumbled about. She raced across the lawn with the dog galloping like a pony after her. Finally she led him back to the hydrangea bush. "Sit down, Jon!"

Higgle was right when he said it took infinite patience to be a photographer. Vic ducked behind the camera, squinting into the finder. She signalled Mona.

"Smile!" Mona said quietly to Jon.

The big dog smiled. Vic pressed the shutter release. "I'll take another, just for the choice of expression," she said.

"When can I have proofs, please?" Mona was carrying out her act with enthusiasm.

Vic, folding up the camera, gave a glib answer.

"And now let's all squeeze into my old jalopy and drive to the drug store for sodas," suggested Collin.

"I can't, thanks. I must get back to the studio to develop the pictures and help the Higgies," Vic told him.

When she reached the studio, she found Higgle, attired in a long rubber apron, drying his hands on a towel. He smelled sharply of acid and chemicals. "I've got the bride drying up in front, with the electric fan blowing on her," he said.

Vic told him about her pictures, and the three of them went into the dark room to develop them. Breathless minutes. Then Higgle held up a negative to the red light, and chuckled. "You've got a double exposure, Vic. Two dogs, as alike as twins!"

"Double exposure? What a dope I am! I forgot to change the plate holder then," Vic scolded herself. "If I'd taken a good picture, Mona would have ordered. She has loads of spending money and she adores Jon."

"Cheer up," chirped Mrs. Higgle. "You have to make every mistake a photographer can make while you're learning."

Vic refused to be consoled. When she had tried so hard to help Higgle get some business, this failure was too much. Why, if he thought she was apt to make doubles, he'd never hire her again. A summer vacation without photography seemed to stretch ahead. A summer without a job! And she had counted so on earning a bit toward college.

Higgle was a dear. He refused to let her pay him for the film she'd used on Jon's picture, saying that the bride was going to order, and that was surely due to Vic's giving the impression the studio was busy.

She said a choked good-by and hurried home, for she didn't want to take a chance of running into Collin when he came after the bride's picture. He might ask about the dog photograph, and she had been so cocky that morning. She told Mona merely that the pictures hadn't turned out well.

Collin invited her to the movies the next week, but he never even mentioned the dog's picture. Mona and Bruce went along, and Mona and Collin talked college all evening. She could, she was sure of going. Somehow, Vic couldn't enjoy anything these days because she had failed at the thing she loved best.

Then, suddenly, she recalled Higgle's offer of regular solicitor's commissions on any ap



pointments she made, though he still refused to let her help at the studio since he was unable to pay her. Perhaps she could dig up a lot of appointments for the studio and keep the Higgies so busy that they'd have to re-hire her.

She did her soliciting over the studio telephone, calling names from the list of prospective customers. Everyone she called seemed to be busy getting the children off to camp, or leaving for the summer bungalow at the seashore. Still Vic persisted, calling number after number, getting no answer at all or the same one over and over—"The whole family's gone swimming."

All day long, the traffic flowed past the studio on the boulevard, headed toward the beaches.

Vic mopped her moist forehead and continued calling down the list: Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Curran. She was just started on the D's, when Mona breezed in.

"You'll never guess what's happened," she began, fanning herself with her wide beach hat. "It's simply colossal. You know that picture you took of Jonathan—why on earth did you tell me it wasn't any good? It's perfectly adorable, really two pictures of Jon, showing him over here, smiling, and over there, fairly laughing out loud! Higgie gave me one, and Mother ordered extras. And when Collin saw it—"

"Hey, let me tell her myself!" shouted a voice from the doorway. It was Collin, out of breath from running up the flight of stairs. "Mona would rush ahead while I had to find a place to park. Now, hold on to something when you hear the big news! I took Jon's picture to our editor, and he fell for it. Thought the idea of two on one very clever, and—he's using it in the paper and he wants me to do a sort of interview with Jonathan. He's going to start a Pet Column, and he wants you and me to go around Long Island, me interviewing dogs, you taking pictures of them. Vic, you've got a job!"

Collin and Mona had to explain it all over again when the Higgies came in from the dark room. "The paper'll pay regular rates for the pictures, and give the Higgins Studio a credit line. And I thought you and Mrs. Higgie," he addressed the old man, "would be willing to let Vic have the check from the newspaper. It won't be much, two pictures a week, three at the most, and they pay three bucks a picture. Then the studio can contact the dog owners to order pictures, which I'm sure they will do."

"I'm sure they will, too," Higgie nodded. "But do you think I'm good enough," asked Vic anxiously, "after that double exposure?" "Certainly you are," Higgie reassured her. "It was a lucky day for us when Vic put on the dog, wasn't it, Ed?" Mrs. Higgie asked—happily.

## PLAY BALL!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

ing with him a baseball and a bat. In his diary, he records the amusement he derived from seeing the mountain men and the Indians playing the new game. When he reached California, he found the rapidly growing towns not to his liking and, still holding fast to his baseball and bat, he embarked for the Orient, but, becoming seriously ill *en route*, he was put ashore in Hawaii. There he spent his remaining years teaching baseball to the natives and all travelers with whom he came in contact.



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Thus did baseball spread far beyond the American shores early in its history.

Baseball was approaching its fiftieth birthday when a younger brother appeared on the scene. It was on Thanksgiving Day, in 1887, that a group of men were sitting around in the Farragut Boat Club in Chicago. One of them took up a broom and batted a glove across the hall; others immediately jumped in on the fun and, for some time, the play continued. George Hancock saw in this informal play a chance to develop a new game and, in a few days, he shared with his club friends his suggestions for indoor baseball. By men who played outdoor or "hard" baseball, this infant game, played on a smaller diamond and with a much heavier and larger ball, was viewed with derision. To-day, baseball is being hard pressed to retain its place in the affection of the great American public, for the figures for the participants in games, as published by the National Recreation Association, show that 12,698,644 people played indoor or soft-ball, in 1938, as against 9,828,927 who played baseball.

Originally baseball was played only by men, but they did allow the ladies to watch them from the sidelines. Probably your grandmothers occasionally ventured forth into the ball park, closely veiled to prevent their pretty noses from getting freckled by the bright sun and wearing clothes which were not designated in those days as "spectator," but undoubtedly were carefully chosen with an eye to providing a diversion from masculine drabness. As late as 1910 Mr. A. G. Spaulding, famous baseball player and historian, commenting on the fact that many of the lay people were able to understand the intricacies of the game, writes "thousands of young women have learned it well enough to keep score, and the number of matrons who know the difference between short stop and back stop is daily increasing. But neither our wives, our sisters, our daughters, nor our sweethearts may play baseball on the field . . . It is too strenuous for womankind, except as she may take part in the grandstand with applause for the brilliant play."

Baseball, as this good sportsman Spaulding knew it, is certainly too strenuous for girls. The distances between bases are too long, the pitching too fatiguing, and the ball too hard

for it to be a suitable game for girls. It's a vigorous sport designed for strong men. Girls are never at their best when they engage in any pursuit in which they cannot hope to be more than poor imitations of boys. However, soft-ball, or indoor baseball, or kitten ball (so called, one writer facetiously remarks, because girls play it) has many devotees among the "weaker" sex. It is being played by girls' schools and colleges all over the country as one of the major spring sports, and is winning favor among business and industrial girls, and even housewives. The rules are much the same as regulation baseball, with the following differences:

The pitching distance is 40 feet in the 60 foot diamond, and 37 feet 8½ inches in the 45 foot diamond. The base-lines are 60 feet, or 45 feet, instead of 90 feet.

A 12 inch insewn ball shall be used instead of the 9 inch ball.

The underhand pitch only is allowed.

The bat is 2 feet 9 inches long, and not more than 2 inches in diameter at the largest part.

Ten players constitute a team instead of nine, the extra one usually playing a short field back of second base.

Seven innings constitute a game.

A pitched ball that hits the batter or his clothes is dead and constitutes only a ball.

Base runners may not leave until the ball has been hit, reached, or passed home plate.

A runner may not score from third base on any pitched ball which passes the batter.

No bunting is allowed, the batter being out if he bunts, or attempts to bunt.

The detailed rules for girls, which are prepared and designed especially for girls and women, are published each year by A. S. Barnes and Co., New York City. If you can't find a copy of the rules in your town, you can write to the publishers and secure a copy for a small sum.

Time was when sports and games were considered of no importance in the education of a "lady." She was supposed to know how to cook, to spin, to do beautiful needlework, and to play the harp. To-day, while housewifely virtues are of vital importance, educators are also placing much emphasis on the ability to play games. Dr. Henry Link, in a recent study on Personality, says, "Having fun

is important in more ways than one. Games and sports not only afford relaxation, but they are a major factor in the development of personality. Games which involve physical activity are more important than those which do not, for they convert us from spectators into participants, and the fun they give us has a lasting effect because it is conducive to relaxation and to emotional poise."

It is important to remember that the value of any game is the fun we derive from it, and the healthy mind and body which good sports and games help us to maintain. Men's athletics have sometimes come to a sorry state, because too much emphasis has been placed on winning and the gate receipts which they bring their promoters. Girls' athletics can easily develop the same unhealthy conditions, unless we play with the emphasis on the social rather than the competitive side, and are continually active in protecting our sports from commercialization, record breaking, and championships. Great stadia are not a sign of social progress. Our ideal should be to build playing fields where thousands play, and only the aged and infirm sit on the side lines as spectators. Watching others perform may fill up drab hours and prevent boredom, but only through vigorous, enthusiastic participation will we develop pleasing personalities and acquire the self discipline which makes us good citizens of a democracy.

Soft-ball, as well as baseball, has much to commend it as an ideal sport. It is a scientific game, requiring mental alertness as well as good physical skills; it demands judgment and quick thinking; it develops coordination of mind and muscle; it permits individual development and social cooperation; it is essentially democratic in its appeal to all classes and ages.

Baseball is *our* national game, and this year, when we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its founding, how better can we do honor to the man whose inventive genius has given millions of people hours of real fun and amusement, than to dedicate ourselves anew to the fine art of playing the game of life in such manner that we may help preserve free speech, fair play, tolerance, and good sportsmanship in this land, so that games and not guns may be the inheritance of coming generations?

## LAND of ANCIENT SPLendor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the Americas. And when Hernando Cortes was appointed to undertake the conquest of Yucatan in 1519, he brought with him sixteen horses, all good runners and trained for work in battle. The fleet sailed from Cuba around the north coast of Yucatan and down to what is now the State of Tabasco. He found the shore swarming with Mayan warriors. In the distance the war drums were booming and conch shells were blaring. The people were in arms, and ready to fight.

Cortes made a meaningless gesture of friendship. He had come to trade peacefully, he declared. He would treat the Indians like brothers—if they would accept the rule of the divinely appointed King of Spain, and become his loyal subjects.

The Mayan caciques listened in haughty silence to this preposterous message. Their reply was brief and left no doubt of their intentions. They would kill every Spaniard who fell into their hands.

Cortes grimly ordered preparations for an attack. For several hours the Mayans resisted bravely. They met the murderous fire

of guns and cannon with unflinching courage. Such was their ferocity, and so great were their numbers, that the Spaniards were on the point of retreat. And then—the horses were landed from the ships. Steel-clad riders mounted them. Cortes gave the command for a cavalry charge.

The well-trained animals came thundering out of the Spanish lines, and the Indians were stunned with terror. They thought they were being attacked by supernatural monsters, half man, half beast. They wavered—then began to run. The battle became a rout, a merciless slaughter by the victorious invaders.

But even with such a spectacular success to his credit, Cortes found it impossible to subdue the whole country. He finally sailed away to the tremendous destiny that awaited him—the discovery of the rich, barbaric Aztec kingdom in northern Mexico, and its complete overthrow.

The conquest of Yucatan was reserved for three members of the Montejo (Mon-tay-ho) family. Francisco Montejo, the elder, came first in 1527. He tried to win the friendship

of the natives with sweet words and gaudy gifts. But the Mayas met guile with guile, pretended to accept the proffered friendship and offered to guide him to cities where he would find much gold—for by now the native dwellers knew that the great passion of these white strangers was for the sacred gold metal of the sun.

So Montejo was lured farther and farther into the interior, never finding the gold he so eagerly sought. Many of his men died of fever and wounds from poisoned arrows. They were harassed by surprise attacks from ambush, and by the grueling lack of fresh water.

Why they did not all perish there in the hot jungles of Yucatan is a mystery. Apparently the Indians were restrained by a lingering uncertainty as to whether the Spaniards were of godly origin or not. They were still in mortal terror of the horses, and they regarded many of the accessories that the invaders carried with them as mysterious, even supernatural. The bell which was rung at intervals during Mass seemed sheer magic to

them. The Cross, and the ritual of the Mass, gave them pause. Besides, there was an ancient legend of their people, which prophesied that Kukul Can, the blue-eyed god, would one day return to claim his land. What if these strange, violent men were really sons of Kukul Can?

So the fighting was not continuous. The soldiers had time to observe and be amazed by the remarkable civilization they were bent on destroying. Bernal Diaz exclaims over "towns so large that Sevilla would not seem more considerable or better."

"The natives lived together in towns well arranged," he says, "and their gardens were free of weeds and planted with good trees. The houses were arranged in this way: In the middle of the town were the temples with beautiful squares, and around the temples were the houses of the principal people. In this way, the richest and most highly esteemed lived nearest the temples. Towards the edge of town were the houses of the lower classes. Where there were wells, these were near the houses of the nobles."

The Spaniards were delighted by the variety of good things to eat displayed in the open-air markets. Many of the foods were unknown to them, or to any European of that time—corn, potatoes, chili peppers, and many varieties of tropical fruits. They had never before tasted the delicious, frothy drink made from the beans of the cacao, or cocoa tree.

They were surprised, too, at the way the Mayan farmers raised bees. Then, as now, the "hives" were simply made by cutting off a length of a hollow trunk, or branch, of a tree where the bees stored their honey, and putting stoppers in both ends. Each owner carved his own name, in hieroglyphic form, above the tiny opening where the bees went in and out.

The Spanish soldiers found time occasionally for sports, and for watching the Mayans play their favorite game, called "*pok-ta-pok*"—from the sound made by the rubber ball bouncing against the stone wall of the court.

The game itself was much more difficult than anything known in Europe at the time. But more important to the Spaniards—and to ourselves in modern times—was the fact that the balls were made of *rubber*, something which was then unknown in the European world.

The arduous work of "pacification" continued. One expedition had gained a precarious foothold in Tabasco, and there was a small beleaguered group on the island of Cozumel. But the great hinterland of the Mayas was still unconquered.

Time after time, the Spaniards were faced with starvation, or the prospect of being slain upon the altars of the bloodthirsty war god. Miraculously, however, they always escaped.

Montejo, the elder, finally came upon the ancient ruined city of Chichen-Itzá. The romance, tragedy, and mystery of the long deserted metropolis did not interest him. He only thought of the high pyramids as good watchtowers, and the jungle-shrouded buildings as being the nucleus of a new Spanish city. His plan was to make his headquarters there. So he gave his men great tracts of land, and, theoretically, a number of Indians to work for them.

But the Indians had other ideas. Nacón Kupul, one of the caciques of the district, cleverly induced Montejo to send a troop of his soldiers to the south, by painting a word picture of all the gold that was to be found there. Then, with only a remnant of the hated conquerors (Continued on page 36)

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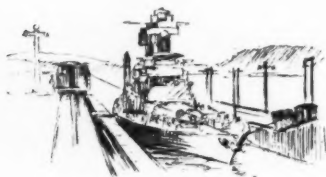


## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### WHERE GREAT WATERS MEET

Twice, within recent months, the main body of our fleet changed bases: once when it moved from the Pacific to the Atlantic, for maneuvers; again, when its floating forts swept back to their home area, off California. These two great shifts of sea power drew attention, once more, to the vast importance of the Panama Canal. Without the canal, our navy would have had to travel some thirteen thousand miles, on each trip, down around the tip of South America and north again. By using the "big ditch," it had to make a voyage of only about five thousand miles.



Men first turned their thoughts toward cutting a ship channel across the Isthmus of Panama more than four hundred years ago. Spanish conquerors, carrying treasure across the isthmus on muleback—precious metals they had brought from Peru—left records that show they were well aware that such a waterway, if it could be constructed, would make trips to South America's northwestern coasts vastly easier.

But it was not until 1881 that a French company, headed by Ferdinand de Lesseps, began work on a canal which, it was hoped, would cross the isthmus and link the Atlantic and Pacific. The ambitious project failed—chiefly because malaria and yellow fever made health, and even life, precarious on the warm, wet strip of land.

Twenty-three years later, Uncle Sam rolled up his sleeves and started to tackle the job of canal building. First he spent three busy years in preparing for the engineering task ahead and in making the region fit to live in. Supplies and machinery were assembled, construction plans drawn up. Health experts labored to exterminate, so far as was possible, the rats, fleas, and mosquitoes that were spreading disease. Their work was so successful that settlements in the Canal Zone, which had previously been considered no better than "pest holes," became as healthful as many an American town.

Actual construction of the ship channel took seven years, and cost about three hundred and sixty-seven million dollars. Result: a canal,

about forty-four miles long, that is one of the world's engineering marvels.

Since it is also one of the most vital links in our national defenses, fears are sometimes felt for its safety. Early this spring Congress passed the National Defense bill, which added seven thousand men to the Canal Zone's garrison of fourteen thousand five hundred, and insured the strengthening of its anti-aircraft defenses.

Such a strategic prize, it's felt, needs constant and careful guarding.

### FOR SAFER SWIMMING

Swimming is tops, as exercise, with American girls. It calls many muscles into play, without strain. It's cooling, it's healthful, it's fun—and yet it kills more people than any other sport, with the exception of motoring—if motoring may be called a sport. In the United States, drownings and other fatal water accidents take an average yearly toll of over seven thousand lives.

In a campaign of water sports education, experts have come forward with advice: among them, Olive McCormick, Mariner Adviser for the Girl Scouts, and Ethelda Bleibtrey, former national and Olympic swimming champion. Here are some of the points they make:

Don't plunge in during the first two hours after eating—otherwise you're risking "swimmer's cramp." Until you know how to swim, don't go beyond your depth. Learn to float, restfully, before you learn to swim. Never go swimming alone. Beaches where there are life lines and lifeguards are best. Remember to swim on the incoming, not the outgoing tide.

Don't overestimate your skill and endurance. But, if you do get into trouble, don't yield to panic. Fear makes breathing difficult. The worst thing you can do is to lift your arms above your head, to wave for help. The weight of your arms will send you downward. So



keep the arms immersed. Shout for help if you need it. Breathe deeply. Turn over on your back and float.

If you're in a canoe that overturns, don't think you have to leave it. It's fairly buoyant; let it support you. Roll it over till it's right side up; crawl inside. Sitting on its floor, with water up to your armpits, you can paddle back toward shore with your hands.

### CRYSTAL FAIR OF LONG AGO

On a hot July fourteenth, eighty-six years ago, a small crowd—the women wearing coal-scuttle bonnets, the men in formal frock coats and skimpy pantaloons—gathered eagerly around dozens of machines on display. No wonder they were eager—weren't they privileged visitors on the opening day of America's first World's Fair? Weren't they examining that device which had stirred so much advance interest—the new, "improved" sewing machine? In contrast to the familiar hand-operated mechanisms, the new ones were run by foot treadles. They had rigid, overhanging arms, vertical needles, and other improvements. A man named Isaac Merritt Singer, the



visitors learned, was putting them on the market.

Though Mr. Singer's sewing machines stirred the greatest flutter, especially among the ladies, other exhibits in the Crystal Palace—New York's huge, domed exhibition building, constructed, sensationally, of glass and iron—drew their share of attention. England had sent armor from the Tower of London. Wood carvings from Switzerland, chinaware from Germany, laces and tapestries from France, were for sale. Wares from Italy, Sweden, Austria, Mexico, and other lands, were hopefully on display. American merchants and manufacturers were amply represented.

It was England's famed Crystal Palace, the feature of London's Great Exhibition of 1851, that had roused certain civic-minded New Yorkers to try to do as well, or better. They had formed a company which put up America's own Crystal Palace, just west of the present New York Public Library. The country's biggest building, it covered almost six acres. It set many tongues wagging in enthusiasm and wonder.

Talk, unfortunately, could not make it a dollars-and-cents success. Hard rains made its roof leak discouragingly. Not enough visitors came, not enough was bought.

But many New Yorkers insisted that the Fair had really succeeded, had even been "a regular hummer." It had bolstered national prestige, they maintained, had showed that America could play host to the world, not like "a little pumpkin of a nation," but like one of the greatest on earth.

## PIEPOWDER COURT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

emptied. When the bells fell into silence, Clement spoke. "Alix," he said, "it promises to be a fine day for a gallop. Let us go after the cygnet!" His blue eyes danced as he outlined his plan. "Your aunt will be angered, but then—" he shrugged, "she cannot put you in the dungeon. I can get you a swift-paced horse from my father's stables and think—think of the smell of the mallows in the marshes, of the wheeling of the swifts in that ivy-greened ruin on the beach! And the swans! The cygnet I marked for you is fair indeed, with its snowy plumage and its bill the color of blood. I can get you a license to keep him, too. My father will speak to the Bishop who, you know, is nephew to the King."

Alix shook her head. "I cannot."

"Are you afraid?" mocked the boy.

"No," she answered, "but there are other things I must do. Your father would ask the Bishop to get the King's permission for me to keep a swan, you say? Would—he would he do more? Would he ask the Bishop to implore the King to lower the tax of our Winchester craftsmen?"

Clement's face sobered. "It would be useless even to ask him, Alix. Lars Lefferts sought my father last night to send a petition to the King after de Gise had sneered at him. But my father refused, not wishing to be concerned in such a hazardous matter. Lars swore then, that he would see the Bishop himself, but the Verger would not allow him and his scroll entrance."

"Then I, myself, will see the Bishop," declared Alix. "I do not think he will refuse to see my father's daughter."

"You are foolish!" cried Clement. "I know that nothing can be done. Let us think no more about it. Tell me, are you going to the Fair? The booths and shops and the great platforms are going up fast on the hill back of the town."

"I can see them from my bower window," nodded Alix.

"Such an odd crew has been hurrying in to town since the gates were opened at dawn! Foreign wagons and horses, and men bowed down with strange bundles and strings of stranger merchandise. There was a dancing bear and—"

"Perhaps I shall go to the Fair," said Alix.

"With me?" Clement's voice was eager.

But Alix was smoothing the dark braids that bound her head so neatly. "I must hurry. Prayers are over. The Verger will be in the church now. Clement, do you remember," she asked him abruptly, "the call of the small white owl we used when we hunted birds' nests on the moor in the spring?"

"The owl's call?" echoed Clement.

Suddenly the voice of a small, driven owl beat around them to the topmost reach of the stone arch under which they stood.

Clement grinned and answered, less expertly but well enough to satisfy Alix.

"Then listen for that small owl as the sun slips behind the forest wall to-morrow, if you would go with me to the Fair. Under the Castle's north guard tower. If the owl does not call—go on alone."

Clement caught at her arm, eager to learn more, but she was gone.

"But I have said it, milady!" The fat Verger spoke pompously. (Continued on page 45)



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## LAND of ANCIENT SPLENDOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

left in Chichen-Itzá, the native warriors began to close in. They refused to furnish food for the camp, and attacked the soldiers who ventured beyond the protected area. One day there was a terrific battle, with many dead and wounded on each side.

After the battle the Mayans withdrew temporarily, and Montejo made good his escape. Yucatan was left for a few years without a single Spaniard in the entire area. It would seem that this should have been a time for rebuilding of unified power and a common front. But alas, it was not so. Civil wars commenced, that spread like wind-swept fires. An especially bitter feud developed between two powerful tribes, the Xieus (pronounced Shoos) and the Cocomos (Ko-kóms).

In 1540 Francisco Montejo, the younger, followed in the footsteps of his illustrious father. He encountered almost no resistance. Another Francisco Montejo, a nephew, was sent northward to undertake the conquest of Tiho, one of the important Mayan cities.

This nephew Montejo managed to occupy the place, "a great and goodly town with many temples and buildings of cut stone and mortar." But he was much perturbed by news that an enormous army of warriors was marching upon him.

Says the historian who was present:

"Day dawned, and they (the Spaniards) could clearly see the great troop which apparently was coming against them. They saw likewise that, in the large crowd approaching, the Indians were carrying a feather-trimmed litter of great size in which was seated a man whom the others treated as their natural lord."

Imagine Montejo's speechless relief when the cacique got down from the plumed palanquin and came forward alone. He was the lord of the Xieu nation, and he had come to offer the Spaniards his friendship if they would help him in his war with the Cocomos.

Naturally, Montejo promised joyfully. He entertained the native ruler magnificently, then he set to work destroying the pyramids and temples of Tiho and planning a city that should be the capital of the country. The town reminded the Spaniards of Merida in their native land, so they rechristened Tiho with this other name, and thus it remains to-day.

Theoretically Yucatan was conquered in 1542 and was laid at the feet of the Spanish King in grandiose style—"These are now your Majesty's dominions, and the inhabitants thereof your Majesty's true and loyal servants."

But, in reality, the proud Mayans were anything but "true and loyal servants" of a king they had never seen. Again and again they rebelled against the advancing encroachments of the white conquerors. There were long years of intermittent fighting, savage attacks on isolated garrisons, and at least one massacre of a whole city.

The Spaniards never succeeded in exterminating the Mayans as they had the helpless natives elsewhere in the New World. But they did an almost equally unforgivable thing—they completely destroyed the ancient Mayan culture, and the written history of that great people.

Bishop Landa, who came to Yucatan in 1549, was directly responsible for this irreparable loss. He made the Indians tear down their pyramids and temples, and build churches on the sites. He destroyed all the clay and stone idols he could find. And when it came to his attention that many thousands of ancient books and records were hidden by the Mayan priests in the town of Mani, he ordered an *auto da fé* and burned the precious books.

He says: "We found among them (the Mayas) a great number of these books written with their characters. And because they contained nothing but superstitions and falsehoods about the devil, we burned them all. The people felt it most deeply and showed great sorrow."

In that *auto da fé* perished much of the carefully hoarded wisdom of an ancient race, and the key to many mysteries which now may never be solved. The few books, or codices, that escaped burning are in museums to-day, worth far more than their weight in gold. But they are undecipherable. For when the Mayan priests died, there was no one left who knew what the curious pictographs meant.

Bishop Landa realized too late what he had done. He made an attempt to reconstruct the meaning of the written language by making a phonetic "alphabet" from the hieroglyphs. But the Mayan priests and

scholars who could have helped him were dead. His alphabet remains an unsatisfactory fragment of a lost knowledge.

Yet because this zealous churchman had an inquiring mind, we are indebted to him for much that we know about the Mayans in the early days of the Spanish conquest. His "Relación de las Cosas de Yucatan" (Relations of Things of Yucatan) gives a clear, detailed picture of their home life, their agricultural work, their ceremonies. He describes the palm-thatched houses of the lower and middle classes, and the royal homes of the priests and nobles, with the high-peaked roofs and the arches like inverted V's. For the Mayan architects, although so skillful in design and carving, never learned the secret of the keystone for an arch. They simply built the limestone blocks up in slanting form so both sides finally met. It made the rooms very high and narrow, and usually very dark, for windows were almost never used.

Many details of Mayan life of that period remain the same to-day—the spoken language, with its short, abrupt monosyllables; the fondness of the people for chocolate (cacao); their personal cleanliness; the methods by which they make hammocks of henequen fiber; their love of home and children; their courtesy to each other and to strangers.

That the Mayans have survived as a race is a miracle. The Aztecs of the north lost their identity after a century of Spanish rule, but the Mayas of Yucatan still remain virile, peace-loving, proud of their magnificent heritage. Although there have been centuries of intermarriage with their Spanish conquerors, yet the average type to-day is the same as those pictured on ruined temples and stone monoliths.

The ancient prophecies of the downfall of the mighty empire and the coming of bearded men from the sea have been fulfilled. One more, made by a Mayan priest soon after the conquest, is still to be completed:

"The gods of our race are not dead—they have but turned their faces from us. There will come a day when the conqueror shall himself be vanquished. Then will the glory of ancient Mayab be restored. The ancient gods will speak to their children, and those of our race will once more be rulers among men."

(To be continued)

## SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

that hot day when a troubled Maw Lathrop had sat in the buggy and pleaded and unpleated the strings of her sunbonnet.

Yes, Windy admitted, that was why Maw Lathrop was dragging him through sandy deserts and roaring rivers and steep mountains to Denver. It wasn't to show him up as much as it was to disillusion Imogene. Maw would see to it that Imogene didn't come out to the Slash T. Maw Lathrop was going to end all this romance with a period. She had even sent Imogene a post card, telling her that they were on their way to Denver and would stop and see her.

Windy groaned. "Em," he appealed earnestly, "if you'll just help me out of this mess, I'll reform. I'll never brag again. I'll be indebted to you the rest of my life."

Em couldn't resist such an appeal. Her heart softened. Windy's greatest sin was bragging, and, after all, he had torn the sleeve out of his best flannel shirt to bind up

the cut in her arm. She said, "I'll do my best—but I must admit I see no ray of light as to *how* I can. Maw Lathrop is evidently set, heart and soul, on disillusioning Imogene about your being the dashing hero, as well as about the life of romance a girl would lead on the plains to-day. And you know none of us could persuade Kip to answer to the name of Windy. Why, it'd mean that he had to pretend to be you—" Em chuckled—"and cotton up to the Pen Pal. Can you see Kip doing that?"

"No," Windy agreed, "I can't. In fact, Em, I'd appreciate it if you didn't tell Pinto and Kip about that picture business. It takes them so long to forget things."

Em was tempted to quote, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave—" but poor Windy looked downcast enough.

Together they rounded up the cattle. They rode the barrel-shaped horse double till they reached Pal o' Mine, still waiting on the trail

at the top of the ravine. The sun came out, warm and bright, as they trailed the cattle back to camp. "I may get dried out yet," Em said.

Kip O'Malley came out to meet them. Em stilled his questions with a limp smile. "It's a long sad story, Kip, and I'm too hollow to tell it now."

Pinto had killed a cottontail and was helping Maw Lathrop barbecue it. The damp bark and chips threw off more smoke than fire. "We smoke the meat and barbecue it in one simple process," said Pinto. It was a coffeeless, saltless, breadless breakfast, but it was about the best that hungry crew had ever eaten.

The day's driving brought them close to Denver. That night they stopped at a small inn whose keeper was a friend of Uncle Haze. His wife was a bustling, hospitable soul who cooked them a hot evening meal and seemed to enjoy the enthusiasm with which they



scraped every dish clean. "What we need," admitted Pinto Jones, "is someone on the bank to rope us and pull us back, to keep us from founderin' ourselves on food."

Em and Maw Lathrop slept under a roof that night. Em had never known Maw to be so soberly quiet. As the girl slid out of her bed the next morning, she saw that Maw Lathrop was sitting up in hers, holding a hot salt bag to her swollen cheek. "Oh, my goodness, Maw Lathrop!" cried Em.

Maw Lathrop abbreviated her sentences as though each word was an effort. "Neuralgia. Thought, when I got soaked to the skin, it'd sneak up on me."

"You stay right here, and rest and take care of yourself," said Em. "You've stuck with us all through, but to-day will put us in Denver. Windy and Pinto Jones can stop for you. You won't have to go back such a round-about way. You'll make it in three days."

Maw Lathrop said gratefully, "I'd like nothing better. Bed feels like heaven." She caught Em's hand. "I can rest easy here, Em, if you'll promise to tend to that little flitter-gibbet. Windy's given her a lot of hot air. You tell her—"

She took a paper and pencil and wrote her message down, something in the form of a debate, balancing what Imogene evidently expected to find, with what, in reality, she would find. The realities were underlined.

"She thinks Windy spends day on horse galloping over plains. He has to chop wood and haul water and feed calves out of buckets and slop bogs. She talks about craving free, open range instead of being hemmed in by four walls. If she had to hole in during a three-weeks' blizzard, she'd see plenty of four walls."

Maw Lathrop gave a desperate sigh. "Em, keep her from coming out there. Times are hard enough now!" Her eyes filled with tears. "If I had a flighty little something under my feet, I'd go crazy."

"I promise," Em agreed heartily.

All that morning as they drove the cattle over a road that was becoming congested with traffic, all that noon as they ate sandwiches and drank root beer, Em tried to think of some way she could keep her dual promise to poor, guilty Windy and to poor, harassed Maw Lathrop. How could she keep for Windy his Pen Pal, so that, on long winter evenings, he could write page after page of glowing accounts of his colorful life, and yet, at the same time, deter Imogene from her heart's desire—that of dashing over the plains and, incidentally, of being underfoot at the Slash T?

And then, all too soon, a signpost on a cross street announced the street that was Imogene's Denver address. Em said, with a confidence she was far from feeling, "You fellows manage the critters. And I—I'll manage this other little matter."

Windy suggested, weakly hopeful, "Maybe she won't be home. Maybe she's already gone to nurse's training."

"Maybe her favorite color is green," said Pinto Jones.

But Imogene was home. She was in the front yard, at the gate, watching expectantly. She was even dressed in cowgirl regalia, shiny and new and overbright. She gave Em true Western greeting, as used in rangeland yarns, "Howdy, stranger!"

Windy's Pen Pal had a plump figure, a round, pink face, and friendly eyes. She said eagerly, "Where's Wild Windy? I guess you're one of the cowgirls that came in with



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him and his herd of long-horned cattle?" She stood back and took a good look, and Em saw dubiousness replace the first enthusiasm in her eyes.

Em realized then how she must look. Her shirt and knickers were faded and wrinkled and water-marked from contact with sun and rain and the Soapy River. Her nose was sunburned, her hair was too long to be short and too short to be long. Even Em's Stetson, usually her pride, was shapeless from its dip into the alkali river and from her constant flailing of laggard cows with it.

Imogene's shrinking from such harsh realities gave Em her inspiration. She leaned from the saddle and, pretending to adjust the stirrup, hurriedly nipped a cocklebur from the high weeds and shoved it under Pal's saddle cinch. Pal immediately began a mettlesome fidgeting.

Em said, "Yes, Windy—Wild Windy—has been looking for you. He wants you to help

with our wild cattle. Some of the long-horned steers are on the prod. I'm pretty tuckered out, but you can use my mustang. Whoa, Pal—whoa, I say!" for Pal was voicing his protest of the scratching bur by pirouetting round and round like a top. Em yanked the reins sharply and Pal, deeply resentful, gave a stiff-legged jump, just to remind her that he could buck if he were pressed too far.

"Me—ride that mustang!" Imogene said, wide-eyed. "But isn't he pretty wild—I mean, hasn't he a peculiar disposition?"

"Just full of life. You have to ride them like that on the wide-open plains. Windy will be glad you're not afraid of horses, and can handle them whether they're peculiar or not."

Em slid to the ground. And now that Em stood beside her, Imogene saw the numerous bandages the solicitous wife of the innkeeper had wrapped her with, and smelled the arnica

she had dosed on so freely. "I guess you got hurt, didn't you?" she asked.

"Oh, just a few scratches from rolling down a cañon. But I'd rather have those than snake bite."

Imogene gave a little scream. "Snakes! Do they bite people—and kill them?"

"A rattlesnake bit our little Miss Brown on the trip in," Em said glibly. "We cut the wound open with a butcher knife and drew out the poison, or she would have died. But we had to leave her at a homestead and come on without her, because she was so crippled. We felt kind of bad to leave her. I'll never forget how sad she looked, and what a forlorn cry she gave." A sad, reminiscent smile crossed Em's face as she remembered the chocolate-brown calf looking after her and Kip O'Malley, that twilight on the plains.

"Of course," she resumed, "it was Miss Brown's own fault. You have to step right on a snake's head (Continued on page 41)

## HOW TO GET READY FOR RADIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

droves of people who flock to New York, firmly convinced that their voices will be bought up immediately by some radio station. Their friends and families have urged them on saying, "You absolutely *must* go into radio," and they squander money, time, and energy trying to get a foothold. Most of them never do."

But how can you be sure you have a real voice?

This is Lucille Manners's test: "Go to a reliable singing teacher. Ask him to tell you perfectly frankly if he thinks you have enough talent to warrant the training; ask him if he thinks you will be good enough to go into radio. If he replies, perfectly frankly, that he doesn't think you have, take his word for it. But, if he thinks your future looks bright, go ahead and put your shoulder to the wheel."

Miss Manners is never bothered by mike-fright. "I practiced for many months singing to a floor lamp, and, in that way, I got used to having something in front of me. Now I never even think of the microphone. I simply see in it my entire audience." If Lucille Manners didn't feel silly singing to a floor lamp, then you shouldn't, either.

One of America's most successful actresses, both on the stage and in radio, is Helen Claire who is playing the lead in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," the Broadway comedy about a giddy Southern girl. When Miss Claire came to New York from Union Springs, Alabama, she had a Phi Beta Kappa key and a drawl. When she won a scholarship to a dramatics school, she was told that the accent had to be conquered if she ever intended to be an actress. For a year she wrestled with it and finally the drawl was gone, but she had, in its place, a kind of aristocratic British accent. The first time she tried out for a radio play the director was aghast.

"No, no," he moaned, "we need an American girl for this part."

But at last Miss Claire got her voice under control and found that she could play all sorts of parts; Eastern, foreign, Middle-Western, and Southern. Since that time, she has taken leading rôles in "The O'Neills," "Hill Top House," "Roses and Drums," and many other radio productions.

Her advice to you actresses who still retain your amateur standing, is:

"Have an independent income you can fall back on before you come to New York. And don't expect to be a sure-fire hit, just because you were the star of your school dramatics

club. Most important, don't come to New York unless you are absolutely convinced that you have talent, unless you are prepared to take all sorts of disappointments."

Don't think you can get an acting or singing job on the radio just because some friend declares, "Your voice is much better than half the voices I hear on the air." This is one of the hardest worked bromides in the business.

For a girl who has had no training or experience in radio, the only jobs for which she might be eligible at a big broadcasting company are stenographic and secretarial jobs.

### GIRL SCOUTS ON THE AIR!— Please Comply with the Copyright Laws

A number of Girl Scout groups interested in dramatizing or "radio-izing" stories have adapted those appearing in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and have then written to inquire "if it were all right" to use them on the air. To prepare material other than your own for radio or stage presentation, permission in writing *must* be secured from the author and the magazine in which the story appears, even if it be a Girl Scout publication. It is well to write for permission before work is begun, so that the individual author may have an opportunity to state the conditions under which such adaptation may be done. Credit to the author and the magazine *must* be included in the opening or closing announcement (providing, of course, that permission to use it has been granted). It is preferable to put your credit line at the opening of a radio program, since the time element sometimes necessitates deletion at the end, and credit mention is compulsory.

You don't need to have had a college education for a secretarial job, but it helps a lot. If you have had an extra good course in English, some dramatic experience, at least a smattering of musical training, your chances are even better.

If you were looking for a job at NBC, you would be interviewed by Joyce Harris, who is in charge of personnel. You may be puzzled as to what tactics a girl should use during an interview. You have often been told that the bold, forceful, anything-but-modest girl, the

girl who bursts open the door and says, "I'm the girl you've been looking for," is the girl who makes the best impression. But Miss Harris doesn't think so much of that type.

"The girl who marches in for an interview and talks a blue streak is more apt to talk herself out of a job than into one," she observes. "It just doesn't go over. Somehow, people who hire people like the girl without tactics, the girl who comes in quietly but with poise, who, without boasting, answers the questions put to her, the girl who is neatly and well dressed.

"The girl who comes looking for a job dressed in imitation of a motion picture siren, gives you the idea she's trying to impress you with herself and not with her ability to do the job. Then again, if she comes in decorated with accessories from head to foot and looking like a Christmas tree, you feel she's going to spend more time primping than typing.

"This matter of dress is probably more important than all the others, if only a girl knew it."

In a business with so many facets as broadcasting, there is a type of job to suit almost every personality. In the secretarial field, there are positions which require considerable initiative and imagination—much more than in the average secretarial position. The great drawback is that there are, relatively, so few of these jobs that the competition for openings is consequently much keener.

The days of violent expansion are over. Broadcasting knows pretty well now what its problems are. As a result its growth has become slower but surer.

Meanwhile, just over the horizon, looms television. Up to now this new field of activity has been experimental. It's anybody's guess as to how this new art will develop. It has many hurdles to take—scientific, financial, and artistic.

But at the moment it offers opportunities only to those with highly specialized talents. It will probably be some time before it can be seriously considered as a field for employment.

One thing is, however, certain. Television will have lots of problems to solve, and your generation will be charged with the duty of solving most of them. But you can also count on this: Just as radio work isn't as easy as it sounds on your loudspeaker, similarly television won't be as easy as it looks.

## WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

*This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting System. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.*

WITH the gardening season in full swing, some of our readers are getting timely hints and help over the radio. One girl writes, "Most of the girls in our troop listen to the 'National Farm and Home Hour' on Saturday. This program comes just before our Scout meeting. Nearly all our families have vegetable gardens, and our troop has a good flower garden at our Scout cabin. We get lots of good ideas about preparation of soil, choice of seeds, spraying against bugs or blight, flower arrangement, and even canning and preserving. The 'Farm and Home Hour' programs help us remember a lot of our gardening ahead of time, since many of the programs are timely and come just before the proper season." Another program our readers are listening to is "The Radio Garden Club" (MBS on Saturdays). This also gives practical advice to the girl, whether she be gardening at home, on the grounds of the Girl Scout Little House, in her community center, or in space allotted to her in the public park.

### SUNDAYS, A. M.

10:30-11:00 **Music and American Youth**—Programs will be performed by high school boys and girls throughout the country.  
NBC-Red

11:15-11:30 **Children's Dramatizations**—Vernon Crane's famous story book characters in a new setting, "Chimney House."  
NBC-Red

### SUNDAYS, P. M.

2:30-3:00 **Words Without Music**—Poetry dramatized and arranged for radio production.  
CBS

4:30-5:00 **The World Is Yours**—Dramatizations of adventures in the world of science, based upon exhibits in The Smithsonian Institution.  
NBC-Red

7:00-7:30 **Bach Cantata Series**—Conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.  
MBS

8:00-9:00 **NBC Symphony Orchestra**—Noted guest conductors will present standard master works and compositions by American composers. Programs will also include lighter works of symphonic literature, now seldom heard.  
NBC-Blue

### MONDAYS, P. M.

6:00-6:15 **Science in the News**—The latest inventions and developments in science explained in simple language.  
NBC-Red

7:30-7:45 **Frontiers of Geology**—Prominent scientists will speak about the important part geology is playing in modern national and international life; June 5, New Uses for Old Minerals; June 12, Deep Earthquakes.  
NBC-Red  
June 5, 12

7:45-8:00 **Science on the March**—Dr. Ray Forest Moulton, noted physicist, tells some of the stories behind the scientific discoveries of modern times.  
NBC-Blue

10:30-10:45 **The Columbia Workshop**—Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.  
CBS

### TUESDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **March of Games**—Children who like asking and answering questions are given opportunity on this program directed by Nila Mack.  
CBS

### WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **So You Want to Be**—Successful persons in all walks of life—hotel managers, sports writers, firemen, policemen, foresters, social workers, etc.—are interviewed by girls and boys who want to follow in their footsteps.  
CBS

10:00-10:30 **There's a Law Against It**—Oddities in the law are dramatized. Most of them are humorous.  
MBS

### THURSDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **March of Games**—See Tuesdays.  
CBS

8:30-9:00 **Sinfonietta**—Small symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.  
MBS

### FRIDAYS, P. M.

5:45-6:00 **Men Behind the Stars**—Dramatizations of stories of constellations by Hayden Planetarium: June 2, Cassiopeia; June 9, Andromeda; June 16, Perseus; June 23, Pegasus; June 30, Cetus.  
CBS

7:30-7:45 **The ABC of NBC**—A dramatized story of how sound travels, invisible and unheard, to your own receiving set. June 2, Sound Effects; June 9, Dramatic Rehearsal; June 16, ABC of Broadcasting; June 23, Sales Department; June 30, Guest Relations.  
NBC-Blue

9:00-10:00 **Campbell Playhouse**—Orson Welles, producer, presents dramatization with guest stars.  
CBS

### SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:15-11:30 **This Wonderful World**—Girls and boys take part in a program conducted from Hayden Planetarium.  
MBS

### SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:30-12:45 **Let's Pretend**—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.  
CBS

12:30-1:30 **National Farm and Home Hour**—(daily except Sundays)  
NBC-Blue

1:45-2:00 **Radio Garden Club**—Timely and practical information for the amateur gardener on all types of plant problems.  
MBS

2:00-2:30 **Men Against Death**—Dramatized stories of science's fight against disease and death. From Paul deKruif's book.  
CBS

5:00-5:45 **Youth Meets Government**—Prominent authorities on civic affairs speak on careers in civil service, housing, relief, and other important and current community questions of the day. During the second half of the program, a forum panel of ten high school students question them.  
NBC-Red  
June 3, 10

7:00-7:30 **Americans at Work**—Portrayals of the many varied jobs that make up American industrial life, with the voices of workers brought directly from tunnels, laboratories, ranches, and workshops.  
CBS

10:00-10:30 **Arch Oboler's Plays**—This famous radio playwright offers original productions in which emotional conflict and not romance, will predominate; tales of imagination and fantasy rather than thrillers.  
NBC-Red

Be sure to check the time by your local newspaper. The programs as presented here were as correct and accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh-hour changes in program listings.

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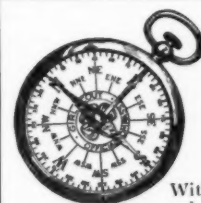
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WHAT an abundance of thrilling new books there are to help us appreciate and understand the out-of-doors! A most unusual account is that of Frances Jenkins Olcott and John E. Williamson in *Child of the Deep* (Houghton Mifflin). The book is illustrated with Mr. Williamson's excellent undersea photographs. Yes, the scene of the adventures was an odd little house in the sea, fastened to a long tube that stretched up to the top of the sea. The little round house had a large window, and through this window Captain Sylvia Williamson looked out into the clear waters of the Bahama seas. What curious things there were to watch! For example, the big blue parrot fishes in their home of purple and yellow sea plumes and pink sea clubs on the floor of the ocean; the little yellow fishes that fluttered in and out of the coral branches, just as birds fly through bushes; and even an octopus that crawled out of an ancient chest from the wreck of a Spanish galleon.

*The Underwater Zoo* (Vanguard Press) by Theodore McClintock is actually an illustrated journal, telling how Virginia captured a strange animal in the brook, only to find that it had disappeared from the mason jar in which it had been brought home. The tragedy led the author to the conclusion that the animal was used to water that had plenty of air dissolved in it, and, since he wished to observe the creature, the decision finally was to have an underwater zoo. The home for the zoo was prepared in a glass tank. After that, there was the search for such tenants as beetles, crayfish, snails, tadpoles, and underwater dragons. You will read of interesting discoveries that were made in the investigation of the habits of insects. There are still many things that naturalists have missed that may be seen by keen-eyed, patient observers. Even though you may not have the ocean house that Captain Sylvia looked out from, you may have a zoo in a glass tank that you can look in upon.

*Insect Allies* (Harper) by Eleanor King and Wellmer Pessels is another presentation of the interesting subject of entomology, or insect study. It has only been in the past fifty years that the pursuit of insects has been looked upon as a desirable profession. There are some amusing stories about the pioneers of this fascinating study. Lady Glanvil, an Englishwoman who was very much interested in flowers and insects, had her will contested by dissatisfied relatives because they said that only a person who was deprived of her senses would go about in pursuit of butterflies! Fortunately the man who defended her case was able to prove that Lady Glanvil was in her right senses, and that her curiosity about insects proved her superior intelligence. The

## By NORA BEUST

Chairman of the American Library Association Board  
for Work with Children and Young People

book includes an account of the bringing of the first Japanese beetle into the United States. There are clear photographic illustrations that tell the story of this beetle and its natural enemy, a small wasp. The gypsy moth is another foreign invader against whom a dramatic battle has been waged by importing a European ground beetle to do the fighting. (There are many other insects which are allies of man.) You will read how fighting bug with bug has been so successful in California that there are private individuals, as well as Government entomologists, who are engaged in this business.

Jean-Henri Fabre, a French school-teacher, became interested in insects when he was a small boy, driving ducks to and from the pond. He was jeered at, but he persevered and later wrote a shelf full of books that tell of more astonishing happenings than the *Arabian Nights* or *Grimm's Fairy Tales*. *Marvels of the Insect World* (D. Appleton-Century) by Jean-Henri Fabre has recently been edited, annotated, and translated by Percy F. Bicknell. Fabre preferred to be called a naturalist, rather than an entomologist, as he claimed all nature, including human nature, as his province. If you have never been interested in the marvels of the insect world, such an incident as that described in "Butterfly Courtship" will arouse your curiosity in observing and reading of the habits of honeybees, ants, flies, mosquitoes, spiders, and wasps.

You may be glad to know that there are three new books about water. First there is Augustus Pigman's *A Story of Water* (D. Appleton-Century), edited by Alice V. Keliher. Here is presented the story of the importance of water to man and to civilization through the ages. This story tells how the life of man has changed during the history of the world and how, as his life changed, man has had to work out new ways of getting water to provide for his needs. The authors begin with the cave people, and close with an account of the way in which water is provided in modern times for New York City, through the completion of three great aqueducts.

Marian E. Baer's *The Wonders of Water* (Farrar & Rinehart) describes the wonders of the different forms of water. You will find

statements such as this, "So great is the upward pull of sap in a tree that more than one hundred gallons of water may be drawn up, on a summer's day, by a tree a hundred feet tall. . . . A healthy corn plant may send out into the air as much as ten pounds of water on a hot day. At this rate think of what a whole cornfield or forest can do! . . . Scientists have found that the oceans must hold more than forty-six-thousand times as much silver as has been mined from the land of the whole world since America was discovered!"

The third book on water is *Water—Wealth or Waste* (Harcourt Brace) by William C. and Helen Pryor. The emphasis, as you may easily guess from the title, is on the economic importance of water. The authors have included dramatic photographs that illustrate graphically such chapters as "A Long Time Ago," "History's Highways," "Water When You Want It," "Water Is Power," "Wealth in the Water," and "Water and the Land." Water is one of the most important and most interesting of present-day problems. Each of the books makes a contribution to the subject. Wise students read widely to get several interpretations, when they are informing themselves on basic subjects.

When you are selecting a book, it is interesting to notice whether or not the dust jacket, the color and style of binding, size of book, paper, size of type, margins, designs, illustrations—in fact, the whole physical book, or "format" as it is technically called—suit the subject about which the book is written. It is fun to test your ability as a connoisseur in book selection. In this connection I should like to introduce you to *A Book of Wild Flowers* (Macmillan) by Margaret McKenny and Edith F. Johnston. I hope you may have the opportunity to see the dust jacket gay with flowers, the light-green cloth binding with the charming bouquet of flowers, the pale-green end papers, the well designed title page, the clear print, excellent paper, and unusually beautiful four-color illustrations of wild flowers. The physical form of the book is in harmony with the presentation of wild flowers in the text.

*Paul Bunyan and His Great Blue Ox* by R. D. Handy (Rand McNally) is another book that is made in complete harmony with the story it tells. The rough paper cover, the amusing line drawings, and pictorial end papers, express the tone of the book.

You'll enjoy reading, too, a modern fiction story of outdoor life, about a lively Girl Scout heroine, Scatter, with whom you have become well acquainted in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. *Scatter, Her Summer at Camp* (Humphries), by Leslie Warren, is a tale of out-of-door sports and a thrilling mystery.

# SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

and grind it under your heel, to kill it. Some people claim it's better to pick the snake up by the tail and snap its head against a rock, but I still think it's better to squash its head in."

Imogene swallowed. "You know, there's something I guess Windy doesn't understand. You see my folks want me to go into nurse's training. And I—I'm kind of undecided." She appealed to Em, "What do you think I ought to do?"

Em said soberly, "Of course it would be noble of you to give up being a dashing cow-girl to take care of the sick. And Windy—I mean Wild Windy—would always cherish the thought of you as a sort of heroine."

"Oh, would he?" Imogene's round face was glowing. "Then I guess I'd better hurry and get ready to go back to Iowa with Uncle John. I won't even have time to see Wild Windy."

Em said, "Well, I can tell him for you. I'll explain to him."

"Oh, will you? And will you tell him I'll write to him. And you don't suppose he'll be mad and stop writing to me, if I enter training, do you? Because he writes the grandest letters. It'll be such fun to read them to all the other girls—his letters are so full of romance. You tell him I'll have his picture—that wonderful picture of him on the dashing bronco with the silver trophy in his hand—on my dresser. Do you think he'll understand?"

Em said gravely, "I'm sure he will. Life on the plains makes cowboys very big and—understanding."

And so Windy, deeply grateful and humble for the time being, helped Em, Kip, and Pinto corral the cattle, helped them locate the buyers. The cattle were weighed in, the checks made out—one to Kip O'Malley, one to Em Dencen. The long trek was over.

Kip turned to Em. "We're no longer cowhands—we're now collegiates." His flicker of a smile had in it regret as well as anticipation.

## STROKE of LUCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

and their holders. No use depending for accessories on Mrs. Mullen's poor, stripped house! That was a pretty idea of yours, Phyl, to have the candles alternate blue and pink. When you stick them on the cake take care not to break the icing."

Phyl tucked in the paper napkins. "I'm going to take along that detective story I told you about, Meg. It's a thriller! We can read it aloud. That'll be one thing to do."

"Good idea," Meg agreed, munching a broken cookie. "We can't do things that are lively because Anne can't move around. Wasn't it smart of Aunt Marcia to think of a backgammon board for her present?" She glanced at a few mysterious parcels on the table.

"I imagine backgammon may interest her grandmother, too. You mustn't forget to teach Anne the moves, Phyl," Aunt Marcia cautioned, hurrying about, shutting windows.

Ready at last, the Merriam car bowled out of Martinstown, Aunt Marcia at the wheel with Meg beside her, Phyl in the back with

"That trip in, Em—will it be something to remember?"

"I don't see how I could forget it," Em said with a laugh that was a little shaky.

Windy Lathrop, whose ego was beginning to rise again, insisted that he treat them all to steak and pie. While Pinto was trying to decide whether it would be lemon or custard, Windy said to Em in a low voice, "So she thought my letters were colorful and romantic, huh, Em?"

"The bright light in her life," Em answered.

Pinto made firm decision. "Guess I'd better take both lemon and custard pie. No use always havin' regrets."

The next morning good-bys were said. Em was to meet a girl friend who would help her buy campus clothes. Along with the check for the Herefords was a scribbled list—tan brogues, blue slip-over sweater, dark suit, house coat, manicure set.

Windy began edging toward a drug store across the street. He said, "I reckon a fellow could buy paper and envelopes at a drug store. I thought maybe I'd take some home with me."

"Havin' exhausted the supply in Buffalo Forks, it might be a timely idea," agreed Pinto Jones. "Oh, me, oh my, what a lot of mail a certain nurse in trainin' is goin' to receive!"

Kip O'Malley, broad-shouldered, eager-eyed, had his hand on Em's arm. "Come on, Em, you've got to help me buy some ties." But what he was really saying was, "Come on, Em, let's start in on our new life."

But Em hesitated, for Pinto Jones looked lone and forlorn standing there on the street corner. She gave his hand an extra squeeze in parting. "Don't forget, Pinto, that there'll be a homesick gal up at Aggies who'll welcome romantic letters."

Pinto doffed his hat, pressed it dramatically to his chest. "Em, perhaps you have never guessed my hidden feelin's regardin' you—but will you be my Pen Pal?"

Em laughed—and Pinto himself always said that Em's laugh was refreshing as cold buttermilk on a hot day—and said, "Why, Pinto, this is so sudden! But you've got yourself a Pen Pal."

the big, covered basket—on the seat to keep it out of Duke's way—and Duke himself, as usual craning head and shoulders out of a window.

At Keyesville, in front of the Doctor's house, Becky stood on the horseblock, waving hilariously.

"Can you scrounge in, Beck?" Phyl asked, opening the car door. "The basket takes up a lot of room, but we thought it was safer on the seat. You'll have to make yourself small."

"Trust me for that," Becky declared, drawing her cotton skirt tightly about her legs and backing carefully into her place. "I can always sit down on a ten cent piece."

"Get a whiff of that honeysuckle," Meg cried, as, leaving the main highway, they turned into the old ravine road and nosed their way between its tangled banks. "It's all in bloom since we were here last. I wish Anne could smell it."

Aunt Marcia expertly rounded a curve. "I mean to give her grandmother a chance to. While you children have your fun, I'm go-

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### "The Animals Went in, Two by Two— "The Elephant and the Kangaroo"

Two by two. What about two dish towels, or two dusters, or two handtowels, marked by you, or your troop, with your own design for use in Our Ark, the World Hostel?

A "Hostel Shower" might be fine, where the articles, marked by your group, can be collected and shipped to Our Ark in London. The kitchen is red, white, and blue because the Girl Scouts of the United States have planned to furnish it.

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ing to take her for a drive and an early dinner. I phoned her early this morning to see if she approved of our party, and would be ready to go out herself. We'll stop for our meal at the Keyesville Inn. There are a few thunderheads over there in the west," she added, "but I hardly think they mean a shower."

The car rattled over the rickety bridge which spanned the ravine, and climbed the hill beyond. Meg giggled with anticipation. "I'm crazy to see Anne's face when she sees our big basket!"

"There she is now—she and her grandmother—on the porch. Behind the wisteria vine. Yoo-hoo!" Phyl yodeled, as Aunt Marcia brought the car to a stop before the gate.

Eyes sparkling with welcome, Anne trundled her wheel chair to the top of the low porch steps. She was followed by an elderly lady, tall and spare, with an aristocratic profile. Mrs. Mullen's arm was still in a sling, and she wore a scrupulously neat but antiquated gray silk dress.

"Hello! This is a surprise!" Anne cried, as Meg and Duke ahead, the visitors made their way up the path. Phyl and Becky, like Jack and Jill, carried the basket between them, and, smiling comfortably, Aunt Marcia brought up the rear.

"It's more than a surprise, it's a surprise party," Meg chuckled. "Happy birthday, Anne!"

"Many happy returns of the day," Aunt Marcia said, patting Anne's shoulder.

"When I was a child I always thought that 'returns' meant presents," Meg announced when the visitors had greeted Anne's grandmother. "Getting in the returns, you know."

Aunt Marcia looked at Mrs. Mullen and laughed. She piled four daintily wrapped packages on the broad arm of Anne's chair. "A few 'returns' for you, dear. From all of us—with love."

Anne's face was beaming, but sudden tears pricked into her eyes. "I never had a party in my life before. Granny always makes a lovely birthday present for me—this time she crocheted me a sweet lace collar—but a real party is so wonderful!"

"Shall we start now for our drive, Mrs. Mullen?" Aunt Marcia suggested. "It's been my experience that young folks run best under their own steam. But first, shouldn't I help the girls take Anne and her chair off the porch? I believe the edge of the fish pool is the favored spot for the party."

The tumbled grass beside the fish pool under the sparsely foliated willows proved a happy choice, and the afternoon, preliminary to its climax—the picnic supper—wore away all too soon. Just to be out in her own grounds, away from the imprisoning boundaries of the porch, was an epoch in Anne's monotonous life, and her delighted acquiescence in every suggestion made even the quietest game exciting.

Her joy over the baggammon board was pathetic. "And I love your silk scarf, Phyl. It's so bright and pretty. I never had a lot of presents like this before. Meg's hanky is simply too lovely. And Becky's fudge—mmmm!"

Meg, stretched full length on her stomach while the June sun warmed the round backs of her legs above her socks, looked up at the cupola of the old house with poignant interest. Somewhere up there, no doubt, behind those stark windowpanes, shut away from her own burning curiosity—and unquestioned ability to unearth it—lay the hidden treasure! For the moment her being was

possessed of but one urge—to dash across the yard and into the house, and to race up those garret stairs. She controlled her impatience with some difficulty and concentrated on the detective story which Becky was now reading aloud.

When she had finished and the exciting tale had been properly acclaimed, Phyl glanced at her watch, while Duke, making himself at home beside her, raised an indolent muzzle and snapped at a passing bumblebee. "It's a quarter to five. Do you girls think that's too early to start supper? I shouldn't think so. For a picnic."

Meg turned over and got to her feet. "Suits me."

"No time like the present," Becky laughed. "How about you, Anne?"

But Anne's gaze was on the western sky. "I hate to be a spoilsport, girls, but what do you say to having our supper on the porch? So we can get into the house in a hurry, if we have to. Look at that thunder cloud! It's been getting blacker by the minute. We're going to have an awful shower. And pretty soon, too!"

Becky jumped up and shook out her skirt. She scooped up a litter of pillows and magazines from the grass. "I should think it *was* black. Funny we didn't notice it. It's moving right toward us. Hustle, girls! We may have trouble getting Anne up on the porch."

One arm pulled down by the basket, with the other Phyl helped Meg guide the lurching wheel chair toward the house, over the green hummocks. At the porch, she and Becky locked their hands into a seat for Anne's frail weight and raised her with difficulty to the top of the three low steps, then turned to help Meg drag up her chair. "It's a mercy my arms are good and strong," the lame girl commented cheerfully, when, with the assistance of the girls, she had swung herself once more to the shabby cushioned seat.

"We'll have to bring out a table from the house for the party," Meg said. Turning to put her words into effect, she paused, blinking, as a flash of lightning, followed instantly by an ugly rattle of thunder, proclaimed that the shower had broken. The sky was black as ink, overlaid with a web of murky green.

"That was awfully close," Phyl shuddered. "I don't like it. Don't bring out the table, Meg. Come on, let's go in!"

On the heels of another flash, the three, with Anne and Duke in their midst, huddled through the front door while swift and sudden wind and rain lashed the heavy clustering wisteria into a tossing fury.

With its tall uncurtained windows, the old parlor—dark as night now between lightning flashes—was not the most reassuring refuge. The two end windows were unshaded by the piazza, and the half-open slats of their Venetian blinds seemed designed to show off, rather than shut out, the lightning. Sheets of water slashed the panes, and the house creaked and murmured as the thunder volleyed about it.

Huddled on the couch, Phyl covered her face with one of the cushions. "It scares me to death! Oh, girls, where do you suppose Aunt Marcia and Anne's grandmother are?"

"A little light would help," Anne suggested. "There's a kerosene lamp on the kitchen table, Meg. And a box of matches. Would you mind getting them?"

Becky, on the couch beside Phyl, jerked back her head with a sudden winking grim-

ace. "Whew! That was a sharp one! Move away from the fireplace, Anne. Sometimes it comes down the chimney."

Soon a small oasis of light in the doorway displayed Meg returning carefully from the kitchen with the lamp. She set it on a table. "I never lighted one like that before."

Anne turned to face the end windows. "Thanks, Meg. I don't believe we're going to need it, after all. See! The clouds are breaking. The worst is over now."

But even as the comforting words left her lips, the heavens answered. A blinding flicker, incandescent in its brilliance, for a fraction of a second printed on the bare floor a sharply defined pattern of the slatted blinds, and blazed on the startled faces of the girls. The thunderclap seemed almost to precede the flash.

Beyond the windows something hissed and ripped. There was a furious swishing, then a great thud and a sound like breaking metal, while an unnatural inflow of daylight suddenly brightened the room. The air outside was filled with a sinister smell of burning.

"We're struck!" Phyl screamed, leaping to her feet. "Everybody get out of the house!" She sprang to lay a hand on Anne's chair, rescue in her eye.

But Anne caught her arm. "Wait, Phyl!" "I never in my life was struck before," Becky wailed.

To quiet them, Anne raised her voice. "The house isn't struck. The danger's over. It struck that big elm tree at the side. Didn't you hear it go down? Come on out and let's see!"

Outside, as they crowded through the door, it was evident that the storm *was* over. A rack of ragged clouds was scudding toward the east, and the sky was breaking again into smiling blue. Pools of water stood in the drive and poured, gurgling, into the unused cistern at the house corner. The porch floor was plastered with water-soaked leaves from the wisteria. The sun, concentrating on one of the many drops beading the stems of a bush near by, transformed it into a blazing fire opal.

The girls ran to the end of the piazza. Sure enough, Anne was right! The giant elm, whose soaring branches had topped the cupola, was down. Split and splintered, it lay prostrate, leaving above a gaping hole in the leafy skyline. The lower trunk, still standing, raised jagged points, new-cut and glaring.

"Isn't that a shame!" Becky lamented. "Such a beautiful tree! What will Mrs. Mullen say?"

Meg was the one to discover a further and even more dramatic loss. "Where's the iron dog? For goodness' sake, it's under the tree! The tree fell on it! Oh, Anne, it's all broken to pieces!"

For the first time Anne seemed shocked. "That's sickening. To me, that's worse than to lose the tree. He was ridiculous, I know, but I was attached to him."

"So was I," Meg said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"We'll all miss him," Phyl sympathized sincerely. Absurdly, she felt a genuine twinge of loss.

With a flying jump Meg landed in the wet grass near the cistern. "Come on! I want to see it close by."

"You'll be soaked," Phyl protested, with a glance at her own dainty frock. "Why don't you wait till it dries up a little?"

But Meg was already running like a squirrel on the fallen trunk. Spreading her arms wide, she bounced (*Continued on page 45*)





## WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

*This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City*



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

### Excellent

**CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY.** Probably nowhere but in the United States could so sane, so unhysterical picture have been made, yet show as it does the flagrant espionage activities of a foreign power against our institutions carried on in peace time. This is not rabble-rousing counter-propaganda. The picture is careful not to use the method of inciting hate which it is denouncing. Moreover, the facts as presented are so incredibly dramatic that no fiction, no love interest, was needed to hold the story together. By this very simplicity and restraint the film emerges as a powerful educational document, with the dignity of a State Department communication. It is also as exciting as an E. Phillips Oppenheim thriller. (Warner)

**JUAREZ.** Aside from its historical importance, which is indeed great, this film is a stirring ode to human dignity as exemplified by the devotion of its three principal heroes to their ideals of government—Juarez (Paul Muni), liberator of Mexico from the great landowners, who was motivated by his belief in democracy, the divine right of men to govern themselves; the Emperor Maximilian (Brian Aherne), equally high-minded in his belief in the divine right and obligation of a monarch to govern in the best interests of his subjects; Porfirio Diaz (John Garfield), personifying loyalty to a leader at the moment when that loyalty has other strong claims upon it. Moreover, the acting of these three men is inspired, so that what they stood for makes an unforgettable impact on the audience. The very restraint with which the parallel with the world situation to-day is indicated has a clarifying effect—you come away from the picture pretty sure of what is important to you! Bette Davis's Carlota is deeply moving. (Warner)

**MAN OF CONQUEST.** Two of our greatest warrior-statesmen, Sam Houston and Andrew Jackson, come to life on the screen through the masterly portrayals of Richard Dix and Edward Ellis in this saga of Texas history. The story is Sam Houston's—his mistakes and his triumphs—honestly told, well directed, finely acted by everyone in the cast. But the story is also a stirring chapter in American history. The country's mistakes in treatment of the Indians and Mexicans are not whitewashed. For that reason the personal valor of Sam Houston and his Texans is all the more convincing. (Rep.)

**STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.** Don Ameche plays the inventor of the telephone and Loretta Young is the wife who was his lifelong inspiration. Their beautiful love story is highlighted in this historically accurate biography. (Fox)

**UNION PACIFIC.** This story of the conquering of distance to the West by the Union Pacific railroad is as crowded with characters and incident as history itself, yet it retains the personal warmth of memories of hardship met and overcome by your own family. It is good for young people to be reminded that our country was built on courage and sacrifice. Our saving sense of humor played an important part, too, and this is amply illustrated in the sometimes raucous manner of an earlier day. The film is vigorous and lusty, but so was the West of pioneer days. (Paramount)

### Good

**BOY FRIEND.** Jane Withers as the kid sister of a rookie cop (Richard Bond) gets herself and her "boy friend" (George Ernest) into a lot of amusing trouble by trying to help her brother solve a crime. Very good. (Fox)

**CALLING DR. KILDARE.** More complications in the life of young Dr. Kildare (Lew Ayres) involving both mystery and romance. (MGM)

**DODGE CITY.** A superb Western in technicolor with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lending their romantic charm to our frontier history. (Warner)

**EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN.** The vogue for birth-day greetings sung via telephone by paid crooners gives Bing Crosby his first job in this comedy of his rapid rise thereafter to taxi troubadour and on to radio fame. Joan Blondell plays the heroine, and Mischa Auer Bing's pal. (Univ.)

**FRONTIER PONY EXPRESS.** Missouri in Civil War days is the background for a better than usual melodrama. Roy Rogers continues to win friends as the singing hero of this series of Westerns. (Rep.)

**THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.** Basil Rathbone is the Sherlock Holmes in this well-known mystery drama with its eerie character and background of fog-drenched moors. Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie carry the terror-threatened romance. (Fox)

**INSPECTOR HORNLEIGH.** The Inspector, played by Gordon Harker, is a favorite radio character of British listeners. This first in a series of detective films will introduce the amusing cockney Inspector to American audiences. Very good. (Fox)

**INVITATION TO HAPPINESS.** Back in 1927, according to this story, the prizefighter (Fred MacMurray) marries the lady (Irene Dunne). She is determined not to let the difference in their backgrounds ruin either their marriage or his career. It is only when their son (Billy Cook) is ten years old (and a complete stranger to his father because they have seen each other so rarely) that they realize what the father's absorption in his career has cost them in family happiness. Beautifully played by the whole cast, (Charles Ruggles and William Collier, Sr. are excellent in supporting roles, and the boy is splendid) the film takes on an importance one doesn't expect from its trite beginning. These are gentle, human people. Very Good. (Para.)

**THE LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY.** Fine horses and some good racing scenes rescue a rather dull story of a gambler (George Raft) and a lady (Ellen Drew) who, through mere chance, become joint owners of a race horse. (Paramount)

**MEXICALE ROSE.** Noah Beery and William Farnum bring back memories of earlier robust films in being cast as supporting players with Gene Autry, popular with to-day's Western fans. Good, if you like this type of film. (Rep.)

**THE NIGHT RIDERS.** The Three Mesquites go about their Robin Hood business of protecting early settlers of the West from land barons. President Garfield's assassination provides an historical climax to the story. Acting and direction good. (Rep.)

**THE RENEGADE TRAIL.** Another more than acceptable Hopalong Cassidy Western. Music and riding very well done. (Para.)

**RETURN OF THE CISCO KID.** Echoes of the 1929 Academy Award for acting are heard in Warner Baxter's splendid portrayal of his old role of Cisco Kid. As the dare-devil outlaw and romantic lover, he plays against a familiar background of outdoor action and suspense. (Fox)

**ROOKIE COP.** Another starring picture for the canine actor "Ace." In addition to a crime plot, the film shows how dogs are trained for police work. (RKO)

—AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

### Excellent

**STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL**

### Good

**BOY FRIEND**  
**EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN**  
**INVITATION TO HAPPINESS.** Good, if interested.

**JUAREZ.** Historical implications need adult interpretation.

**MAN OF CONQUEST**  
**MEXICALE ROSE**  
**THE NIGHT RIDERS**  
**THE RENEGADE TRAIL**  
**ROOKIE COP**

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading



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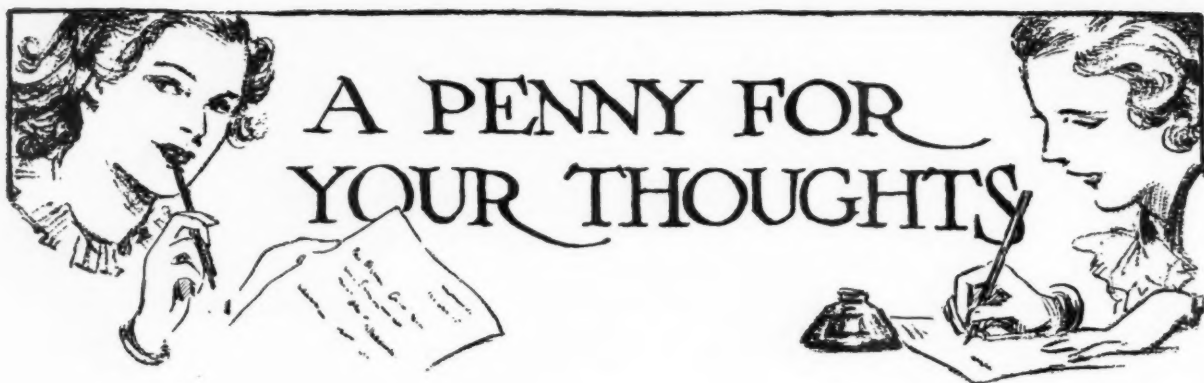
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#### A GOOD TIME COMING

DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is one of the best magazines that I subscribe to. I can hardly wait until I become a Girl Scout.

I enjoy reading about Jean and Joan on the inside back cover. I hope to subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* many a year more.

*Marjory Reeves Colt*

#### GIRL SCOUTING IS FUN

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA: In November our school had wanted to have a subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and when a friend of the family put in an order for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, as a gift for me, I was practically overcome. Now I can hardly wait for each issue to arrive. There were so many interesting articles about Scouting in the magazine that I found out about a Girl Scout troop here, and now I am a member. Already I have passed some of the Tenderfoot tests and learned to make a basket. Next meeting I hope to learn how to bead.

We were the first Girl Scout troop to have the honor of being in the Boy Scout exhibition here. *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is responsible for my having so much fun and enjoyment in being able to be a Girl Scout.

*Courtenay Wright*

#### CHEERS

OLMSTEAD, ILLINOIS: In reading my *AMERICAN GIRL* magazine, I turned to the page, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. It seemed like you were asking me for my thoughts.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* only a few months, but I sure do enjoy it. Especially the mischievous stories of Bobo and other Girl Scouts. It makes me want to be a Girl Scout myself.

Our school subscribes to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I notice that all the students enjoy it. I, also, say three cheers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!

*Elaine Hogendobler*

#### MORE CHEERS

DELAVER, WISCONSIN: Three cheers for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*! Both *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and *What's On the Screen?* have helped me. First, I was reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and several girls praised the articles about Jean and Joan. I had always thought it was an advertisement, but I found out. Second, Daddy wasn't going to let me

see a show because he thought it was cheap, but I read him the article on the movie from *What's On the Screen?* and he let me go!

*Eleanor Williams*

#### THE ONE THING LACKING

FAYETTE, ALABAMA: The town I live in isn't very large, and it is perfect but for one thing—it hasn't a Girl Scout troop. I hadn't thought much about it until I started getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, which was about three years ago. But, oh, how I have wished for one since I read all the grand articles about Girl Scouts! We have a Boy Scout troop, but a lot of good that does me.

*Sara Alice Wright*

#### PLANNING THE FUTURE

JOHNSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: I have meant to write a letter to show my gratitude and appreciation for such an outstanding magazine for quite some time, but hitherto I have just planned and done nothing about it.

I am fourteen, a Freshman in high school, and I am beginning to think about what I should like for my future. To be a lawyer has been one of my anticipations, but I thought it would be too much of an undertaking. When I opened my magazine and saw Dorothy Kenyon's article *Can Girls Be Lawyers?* I read it and am now determined. I shall take debate next year and begin my career early. Let's have more vocational articles to help us plan our futures.

If I took the time to write about every article and story which especially pleased me, I'd never stop. I believe I am not the only reader that feels that way, either. Keep it up, *AMERICAN GIRL*!

*Barbara Ann Ruff*

#### INCREASING ARDOR FOR SCOUTING

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA: I've been reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a little over a year now, and I wonder how I ever got along without it. I am assisting our troop leader with a newly-formed Girl Scout troop, and the new Scouts have an ever-increasing ardor for Scouting, due to the inspiration of this magazine. Many times they use *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for their reports for Girl Scout requirements. I've a feeling that the inspiration received by them from the magazine will prove a good foundation for the troop.

At Christmas time, I was called upon to direct part of a pageant about Christmas time around the world. Sweden was my section,

and, in my opinion, the hardest one of the lot. Many hours were spent in the library, looking for authentic information for the background. Just as I was about to give up in despair, like a good fairy from the sky, my *AMERICAN GIRL* came. There, upon the first page, was the answer to my problem. Needless to say, the whole affair came off splendidly. Everyone thought it was so original and wanted to know how I knew all about it. The whole credit was given to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I know now that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is sought after, not only because of its delightful fiction, but also for its helpful articles.

*Jan Wintersteen*

#### MORE FUN THAN ANYTHING

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA: This is the first time I have ever written to *A Penny for your Thoughts*, but it isn't because I haven't enjoyed every department of our magazine, because I have.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since April, 1936, when I received it as a birthday gift. I have had so many favorites that I won't even try to tell you what they are, except to say that I enjoy Bushy and Lofty Ryder most of anything. Midge and her sister Adele come next.

Just recently I was made an assistant leader in a Girl Scout troop of fifth and sixth grade girls, and I think it is more fun than anything that I have ever done before. The many fine articles about such a variety of subjects have helped me immensely, and I hope many more will follow, especially about camping trips. All my Scouts want to go to camp as much as I do. I've gone for three years now, at Camp Jefferson.

So bouquets galore to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for being the finest girls' magazine ever published!

*Helen Sutherland*

#### JANET ENJOYS POETRY

AKRON, OHIO: Although this is only my second copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I'm convinced it is a grand magazine. Before I began taking it, I never really appreciated poetry. But now I love it. The poem, *Letters to Valley Forge*, by Jane Darrow, was actually the best poem I have ever read. I also liked *Mattilda's Woolwork*, in the March issue.

I like the stories very much, too. I surely like Bobo Witherspoon. She is so full of life and all kinds of tricks.

I am a Girl Scout and always am sure to enjoy the Scout articles.

*Janet Amer*

*If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout Troop, write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th St., New York City*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

up and down on a springy branch, sprayed by the dripping leaves. "Come on in! The water's fine!" she called.

"Not me!" Phyl ejaculated. She added quickly, "What's the matter?"

For her sister had suddenly ceased to bounce. She poised, motionless, with gaze fastened on the littered fragments of wood and iron beneath the tree.

"What's the matter?" Phyl repeated.

Meg made no attempt to answer. Jumping to the ground, she bent and groped under the leafy debris, showing a scared face as she straightened up. Phyl saw that she was clutching something in both hands.

Still silent Meg made her way to the steps, and, before the questioning eyes of the girls, thrust upon Anne the cause of her strange behavior. It was a flat metal box dilapidated and caked with earth.

"What is it?" asked Anne.

"I—I'm not sure," Meg's voice was blurred with excitement. "You can get the box open. The hinges are rusted off. It was under the iron dog. Under the platform he stood on. When the tree fell it tipped the platform up. I could see it—it was all tangled up in roots. I think it's your Grandpa's money!"

Anne's face changed. For a moment she frowned, amazed; then, as understanding dawned, she gazed wildly up at the breathlessly attentive circle about her. "One of you girls open it. I simply can't," she murmured.

Three pairs of eager hands shot out, but two of them drew back to make way for the discoverer. "Give it here," Meg said thickly.

At the front the little lock still held, but the rusted hinges allowed the box to be forced apart far enough, at the back, to permit the removal of its contents. A fat leather wallet lay within, gaping with discolored bills—undoubtedly old Joshua Mullen's treasure trove.

When the crumbling wallet had been poked and prodded through the aperture and the money removed from its limp grasp, Anne sat like a figure typifying overflowing plenty, the skirt of her shabby dress fairly filled with bank notes.

## STROKE of LUCK

"Count it, Meg," Phyl and Becky choked. Meg's fingers trembled. "Ten, twenty, thirty, forty—there's a hundred dollar bill! What did I say? Oh, forty! One hundred and forty—"

"There's another hundred, farther down in the pile! Take that next," Becky prompted.

"Two hundred and—forty. Fifty, sixty, seventy. Was that two hundred and seventy, or three hundred? Take your head out of the light, Becky! Oh, I've lost my place. I'm all mixed up."

"I say we let Mrs. Mullen count it," Phyl suggested wisely. "We're too excited, and Anne's simply floored."

"I'm not floored. It just knocked the breath out of me for a minute," Anne apologized.

"How did you girls know about the money? Granny'll be crazy! She needs it so—just now. How I wish she'd come home!"

"Grandma told me," Becky confessed, a bit guiltily. "And I told the girls. But I didn't tell anybody else, Anne."

Always gracious, Anne started to reassure her, but straightened suddenly with her usual energy. "Oh, girls! There's Granny now, and your Aunt Marcia! Coming in the gate!"

"Don't you think we all ought to keep quiet, and let Anne tell?" Becky whispered, as the two ladies hastened up the path.

Aunt Marcia's face was a study in anxiety. "Children! We've been worried to death about you! How did you manage with Anne's chair, without help? It's been a frightful storm. We didn't stop at Keyesville at all, of course, but got here as quickly as we could. They seem to be all right, Mrs. Mullen."

Meg saw no harm in laying her tongue at least to the preliminaries. "Of course we're all right, Aunt Marcia—except that we were struck by lightning!" She turned to point to the scene of ruin.

Aunt Marcia gave a great start. She stepped back into the grass to see better. "Struck by lightning? You mean that tree? The lightning struck it? Right here beside you? And you youngsters all alone! My dears, how frightened you must have been! I'm sorry about the tree, Mrs. Mullen, but perhaps it saved our girls—and the house,

too. It was so tall that it seems to have acted like a lightning rod."

"You're quite right, Miss Merriam. We have a great deal to be thankful for." The old lady's voice shook a little under its forced composure. "As for the tree—I'm sorry, but it's of no consequence. Just one more thing gone," she added, with a twisted smile. "What is it, Anne?"

For Anne had touched her grandmother's dress. "This," she said huskily, holding out the wallet. "Meg found it. It was under the iron dog. The tree fell on the dog and broke it. It's Grandpa's money!"

Aunt Marcia had heard from her nieces the tale of the mystery. So, with one glance at the suddenly shocked old face, she linked a capable supporting arm in Mrs. Mullen's, and led her to a chair. "There, there! You've been sick, you know. Get a glass of water, Phyl!" For a moment the wallet lay unheeded in the sag of the old lady's lap.

Reaching over to clasp her grandmother's slender, work-worn hand in both her own, Anne could keep in no longer. "It's a miracle, Granny! Don't look so strange! We won't have to search for the money any more. Now we can pay the taxes, and have the plumbing fixed, and you can get your dental work done—and everything."

This recital of their cruel necessities, more than the glass of cold water, brought Mrs. Mullen to herself. She rose with dignity, laying an affectionate but restraining hand on her grandchild. "Hush, Anne! The money will help very much, of course. But we shouldn't speak of our poverty. However, there's one important obligation that mustn't be overlooked. We must reimburse Doctor Cutler at once for the telephone."

Becky and Meg were already wedged in the front door with a small table. "We haven't had our supper yet, either, Aunt Marcia. You and Mrs. Mullen are just in time for the party. Isn't that nice?" Phyl invited. To change the subject was a relief.

Aunt Marcia smiled at her niece. "Good idea, darling," she said. "I think we'd all be the better for some food. And, if Mrs. Mullen will let me, I'll just go out into the kitchen and make us a cup of tea."

## JUSTICE AT PIEPOWDER COURT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

"My Sire, the Bishop, cannot grant an audience to anyone until after the Fair is done." He tried to sound regretful, for he knew her rank, but by the way he pressed his thin lips together, it was plain to Alix that his was a nature to enjoy refusing.

"But that will be a whole fortnight! No, I must see him to-day. The Fair does not even begin until to-morrow."

"You do not comprehend, milady," the Verger protested, "the magnitude of the work of so great a Fair. Until late into the starlight, for instance, my honored Sire, on his knees, must bless the holy relics he is to sell to-morrow—relics that have been brought by monks from Beyond-the-Sea."

Alix snatched at his words like a gull at a herring. "The Bishop is to sell holy relics to-morrow—sell them *himself*?"

The Verger nodded. "And you will do well, milady, to buy. They are so rare—"

Alix bowed, with a smile of such sweetness and relief that the Verger stepped back, his cheeks reddening in spite of himself.

Clement Tirrel waited in the shadow of the wall under the north guard tower. He sat with his back against the rough stone, his long legs drawn up under his chin. From time to time he gingerly rubbed his shins, for he had scrambled up the steep ravine that flanked Castle Hill, no easy task. The sun had dipped behind the forest and one star had pricked the blue of the twilight sky before he heard it—the voice of the small owl. There was also the sound of footsteps. He jumped to his feet to meet the small figure rounding the wall.

"Is it you, Sofia?" he called, disappointed, for he knew the shrouding wimple, short gown, and clumsy buskins of Alix's maid.

But it was Alix herself who pulled the covering from her face. "Does it become me?" she asked.

Clement wrinkled his nose in reply.

Alix laughed, unconcerned. "I vowed never again to let any but my precious red shoes touch my feet—and, in truth, I have kept my vow. They are under Sofia's buskins

—and with room to spare! Shall we start?" "But why this garb? And what makes you so uncommon stout?"

Alix patted her bulky gown complacently. "Stuffed!" she twinkled. "Stuffed with woolen! My lady aunt forbade me the Fair, but I decided to go, nevertheless, for I have business there."

"You'll run no danger of detection if the wimple covers your face, I vow!" Clement told her. "Give me your hand, it's a hard scramble down these sharp rocks."

This great annual fair was indeed a sight to quicken anyone's pulse! The entire hilltop beyond the castle had been laid out like a miniature town, with a wide midway and many booths and shops. There were squares where stood large covered platforms for tumblers, gaudy curtained boxes for Punch and Judy, gay pavilions with streaming gonfalons. In the shops there were woollens from Flanders, fragrant spices and silks and velvets from the East, Gascony wine in bulging



casks, furs and strings of amber from Germany, leather goods and cages of fierce-eyed falcons from the Hungarian plains. Flares were already blowing in the gentle evening breezes, and the sound of music mingled with the sharp cries of the hawkers.

"Is it not perfect!" sighed Alix, in delight at the scene before her. "I must hunt an Eastern leather merchant to find red shoes like those my father sent me. And I wonder, Clement—do you see anywhere a place where holy relics might be sold?"

"Time enough for that," said Clement, "when we have strolled about. Look yonder!" He pointed out a booth piled high with enormous shapes of smooth dark green, faintly striped with white.

"Is it really fruit?" Alix's eyes opened wide. The merchant, a swarthy fellow in a loose gown of soiled white, saw their interest and ran to pull them toward his wares.

"Fruit! Good fruit!" he said in careful English.

Alix put out her arms and he plumped one of the green shapes into them, laughing and showing his gleaming teeth. "Watermelon," he told them haltingly.

Clement poured a small stream of silver into his ready brown hand, and he and Alix looked around excitedly for a spot in which to eat their strange purchase. They found it in an open place near a shop hung about with shoes and boots of every description. "It is a good place to sit," approved Alix. "And I will ask this merchant about red shoes when we have eaten."

"He looks an evil fellow," remarked Clement, frowning at the wizened face and the furtive step of the merchant who now approached them.

"Boots? Fine shoes?" he asked, rubbing soiled hands.

"Not now!" Clement's tone was curt. "We are merely sitting here to eat."

"Not so close!" snarled the merchant, his vision of coins fading. "You will keep buyers away!"

When they were seated, a little distance off, Clement took from his belt a knife of fine Sheffield steel and held it doubtfully over the melon for a second.

"Cut it through quickly!" begged Alix. "I shall die if I do not know at once what it holds."

When the melon was halved and spread before them, juice spurting, delicate pink flesh and black seeds a-gleam, they were speechless. Clement cut a succulent square and held it out to the girl on the point of the knife.

"It is so strange," murmured Alix with difficulty. "Cut me another piece—larger."

"Quick!" said Clement suddenly. "Cover your face! Here come those we know well."

Alix pulled the wimple around her mouth and chin, and they watched the lady Marthe and Geoffrey de Gise walk down the midway.

"The lady has bought baubles a-plenty for herself," murmured Clement. "Did you see the length of purple velvet stuff on one arm, and the necklace dangling from the other?"

"I did not know they were coming," whispered Alix.

Clement held out another square of the dripping fruit. "What difference—there are other castle folk abroad, doubtless. Look! Here comes one! Why, it's old John. Now, what business has he with that evil fellow?"

They watched the old man approach the leather merchant. They could not hear the words that passed between them, but they saw John measure a careful length in the air with his hands and shake his old head at

goods the man was evidently showing him. Then they saw him counting coins and nodding his head. They could not see what he had bought until he walked on up the midway, the merchant looking after him. From old John's hand dangled a pair of red shoes.

"For me!" cried Alix. She rose to follow John, but Clement pulled her back.

"Your lady aunt went in that direction," he cautioned.

"But—the shoes are for me! My dear, dear old—" She broke off in sudden alarm. The evil-looking merchant had darted like a snake after the old man and now had him by the arm, shouting and snatching at the red shoes. A crowd collected as if by magic. Old John struggled to free himself, yet keep the shoes. Once more Clement held Alix back.

"Watch a moment," he begged.

A man pushed his way through the crowd to the struggling pair, a stout man in a cleric's black robe. "It's the Verger," breathed Alix.

"And look yonder," Clement whispered. The Bishop, resplendent in his tall mitre and snowy surplice, and leaning on his pastoral staff, was making his dignified way down the midway. The flares shone on his green robes and on his serene face as he passed.

The noise of the quarrel lessened as he approached, and a cry went up, "*Pied-poudreaux! Piepowder! Piepowder!*" More and more voices took it up until it rose in a shout.

The Bishop stopped and they watched the Verger confer with him. The leather merchant and old John were pushed toward a platform, one which had been made ready for a tumblers' performance. The red shoes were by this time in the Verger's hand. Jerking her wimple across her face again, Alix leaped to her feet. Clement followed her.

The Court of Piepowder—the Court of the Dusty Foot—was one of quick justice. The Bishop had been asked, evidently, to judge the pair and, remembering the merchant's sly look, Alix's heart beat fast. It was dark now and the flares flickered oddly on the faces around the platform. Alix's eyes swept them hurriedly. She did not see the man, close-wrapped in a dark cloak, who leaned against a corner of the platform as if too weary to hold his thin body erect.

"It's plain the old man stole the shoes!" she heard a shepherd say to a woman beside him. She turned on him fiercely, but now the Bishop was mounting the platform, and the merchant and old John were pulled up after him. The Verger took his stand beside them.

"Oyez! Oyez!" he shouted. "In this Court of Piepowder, this man is accused of stealing a pair of red shoes!"

Old John struggled away from those who held him. "I paid with gold!" he shouted, his old face puckered with bewilderment.

"Silence!" roared the Verger. "Who knows this man?" he asked the crowd.

There was a stir and someone was deferentially urged forward. It was the Lady Marthe. A hush fell as her thin voice rose. "I know this man. He is a guard at the castle."

"Thank you, milady." The Verger bowed deeply. "Do you know him to be honest?"

Lady Marthe shrugged. "Is there an honest man to be found these days?" she simpered.

"Do you think, milady, that this man would likely have gold enough with which to buy anything so rare as foreign goods?"

She shook her head in doubt.

The Verger pointed now to the fawning merchant. "And who knows *this* man?"

It seemed then as if voices shouted from every direction. Six or eight rough fellows struggled to the edge of the platform. They

knew him well; he was honest beyond a doubt.

The man in the dark cloak stirred at that, hesitated, and then moved forward as if to speak. But before he could say a word, a grotesque little figure had scrambled up on the platform. It was Alix. She had torn off Sofia's wimple and her glossy braids were awry. Her brown eyes, in the light of the flares, showed dancing sparks of red.

"Do you know me?" she asked the Verger in a full, clear voice. "And you, Holy Sire?" She turned to the Bishop.

"It is—it is the daughter of the Earl!" stammered the Verger, staring at her oddly plump person and awkward buskins. The Bishop recognized her, also, and nodded. A curious expression lay in his calm eyes.

"You will listen," spoke Alix to the crowd, "because what I say is true. I have known this man—" she indicated John who looked at her with a shocked and frightened face—"since I was a baby. He taught me to walk. I know him to be honest as God's blue sky. He bought those red shoes for me, with his savings of years. I saw him count out the gold with my own eyes. The lady who said she knew him—" her eyes flashed and she pounded one small fist against the other—"I will say nothing but that she is not one of us at Winchester. But you—how can you do this to one of your own? These men—can you not see it is an evil plot? Where is justice—the justice of Piepowder Court?"

The Bishop put a quiet hand on her shoulder. "It is plain," he told the crowd mildly, "that the old man is not guilty. Piepowder Court is dismissed!"

Alix turned to him. "Holy Sire, there is something else which needs clear vision and a just heart. Will you listen while I tell it?"

The Bishop nodded. With careful choosing of words, Alix told him what she knew of the burdensome tax imposed upon the Winchester craftsmen. She told it well and, when she had finished, she bowed her head.

"My child," said the Bishop gravely, "in this sad world, loyalty is a rare and precious jewel. I had not heard the case of the craftsmen presented as you have told it. There is truth and justice in what you say, and I shall make sure my royal uncle knows of it before many hours have passed. And—one thing more—" He raised a hand for silence, for the people had begun to cheer—"I thank you in the name of our King for your stout English courage!"

"I have done nothing—" her voice was smothered because of the wild pounding of her heart—"nothing but what my father would do if he were here. God speed him safely home to those who need him sorely!"

A sob had risen in her throat, and she covered her eyes for a moment. That was why she did not see him until he stood before her—the tall man in the dark cloak.

"He is at home, my child!" He held out his arms to her and his cloak fell from his shoulder, so that all who stared so unbelievably saw the crimson cross blazing on his back.

For a moment, Alix hesitated. Was this indeed the lord of Winchester, he who had left them, three weary years before, with the cross so brave on his breast? Was this stranger, worn and thin, and wasted by illness, in truth that mighty man, strong and straight as the oaks of the New Forest? Then his smile flashed out at her, and his voice, dear and familiar, uttered her name.

"Father!" she cried, "Oh, Father!" and hid her face on his shoulder that none might see her happy tears.



# Lough and Grow Scout

## Home Folks

The newly appointed superintendent of the asylum was strolling around the grounds when one of the patients exclaimed, "We all like you better than the last man, sir."

"Thank you," said the superintendent pleasantly. "And why?"

"Well," replied the lunatic, "you seem to be more like one of us."—Sent by ELIZABETH ANDREWS, Raleigh, North Carolina.

## Not a Stamp

A mother, discovering her three-year-old daughter busily engaged in washing the kitten with soap and water, remonstrated, "Oh, darling, I don't think the kitty's mother would like the way you are washing her."

"But, Mother," replied the little girl impatiently, "I really can't lick it."—Sent by GRACE M. DENHAM, Denver, Colorado.

## Fatal

PROFESSOR: Name a deadly poison.

PUPIL: Aviation!

PROFESSOR: Come, come now, don't be foolish.

PUPIL: Well, one drop will kill.—Sent by MARJORIE DAWSON, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.



## Free Ride

PEDESTRIAN: What's the shortest way to the emergency hospital?

POLICEMAN: Stand right where you are!—Sent by ADELE LAKIND, Gloversville, New York.

## The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



### The Reason

CITY MAN (to farmer): Why are those bees flying around so frantically?

FARMER: I guess they have hives.—Sent by RUBY ALMGREN, North Wilbraham, Massachusetts.

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HELEN WALKER, Spokane, Washington.

## Before the Fall

"When do the leaves begin to turn?"

"The day before examinations."—Sent by JANE EDMUNDS, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



## Blue Ribbon

JEAN: I was at a cat show last night.

ANGELINE: Did you win a prize?—Sent by ELAINE TEITELBAUM, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

## Nature Observation

PATROL LEADER: When rain falls, does it ever rise again?

BRIGHT TENDERFOOT: Oh, yes, in dew time.—Sent by MARGIE JEANNE EATON, Papillion, Nebraska.

## He Knew

TEACHER: What four words do pupils use most?

TOMMY: I don't know, sir.

TEACHER: Correct.—Sent by JEANETTE HILBUG, Chicago, Illinois.

## Anxious About Him

One winter's day a very bow-legged tramp called at a home in Ontario and stood by the stove to warm himself. A little boy in the home surveyed him carefully for some minutes, then finally approaching him, said, "Say, mister, you'd better stand back a little; you're beginning to warp."—Sent by

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## Justice at Piepowder Court

in a letter to the Editor of

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says of her story on page eight:

"The background and data are as authentic as careful research can make them. The plot is fiction with a solid factual base. For instance, Winchester Castle was as described. The Cathedral is still as pictured. The Fair was held annually, sponsored by the Bishop, who, that year, was actually a nephew of the King. The Fair honored St. Swithin, still patron saint of the Cathedral. The date, July twenty-fourth, is accurate and it was held on the hill back of the castle as represented. The picture of the Fair is historic and the watermelon was actually introduced into England in approximately that year . . . A license from the King was necessary if one kept a swan, as all swans were crown property . . . It was a fact that Crusaders wore the Cross on the breast going, and the back returning."

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**A**N ENTIRELY new type of air mail service in the United States got under way on May twelfth with the first non-stop pick-up and delivery of mail bags from a plane in flight. The method of operation is for a plane to fly low over two forty-foot steel poles which support a "free" rope, holding the mail sack to be picked up. The plane's crew docks the other sack through a trap door, while a steel cable with a grappling hook snags the rope, rips it from its couplings, and the plane continues its journey while the crew hauls in the cable and "catch."

This type of mail service will be used for fifty-nine different communities in the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, and Ohio, although only about twenty of the cities will be on the route by the first of June. The Post Office Department is applying a special *cachet* to all covers carried for stamp collectors in the first flight.

Nicaragua has issued a series of five stamps in grateful honor of the late Will Rogers, and to commemorate the eighth anniversary of the Managua earthquake which occurred in March, 1931. Immediately after that disaster, Mr. Rogers not only gave generously of his own money, but also flew to Managua to bring practical aid, cheer, and other outside help to the desolated city. The values of this new series of stamps are the one centavo green, showing the airport at Managua with a plane about to land, and an oval portrait of Will Rogers at the right; the two centavos rose, showing Mr. Rogers landing from his plane at Managua; the three centavos ultramarine picturing him in the doorway of a Pan American Airways field cabin; the four centavos steel-blue, picturing his meeting with the United States Marines who were, at that time, in Nicaragua; and the five centavos carmine showing a view of the stricken city of Managua and an oval portrait of the famous humorist.

The first two values of Sweden's new series of postage stamps are the twenty ore carmine-red with a semi-profile portrait of King Gustav V, and the sixty ore deep-red carmine showing Three Crowns for design. Both of the stamps are perforated twelve and one-half vertically. Sweden has also issued three stamps in honor of the centenary of Professor P. H. Ling, inventor of the Swedish drill, who, in 1813, founded the Central Gymnastic Institute. The values are five ore green, and twenty-five ore brown, perforated twelve and one-half vertically, and fifty ore green perforated twelve and one-half on all four sides.

Great Britain has issued two new values in the King George VI design. These are the seven penny emerald-green and eight penny deep-carmine. The portrait is the same as in previous values, but it has been set in a deep-colored hexagon with the crown near the top. The floral emblems are worked into the four corners and the necessary inscriptions are arranged between the emblems and the hexagon.

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## CAMP ADVENTURES *Afield and Afloat*

Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. "And mighty relieved I am," remarked Nancy's grandfather, as she eagerly gave him an illustrated account of the trip, "to see that you modern girls can actually walk. Why, after the way you shoot here and there in automobiles, it's a wonder that your legs haven't atrophied long ago." Nancy does not remind him that the girls of the Eighties would have found her walking tour of last summer a very strenuous affair indeed, but she knows that the days of preparation in which she learned how to pack for a trip on foot, what are the *must-haves* and, more important, what are the *can-do-withouts*, would have been a revelation to the girls of Grandfather's day. They would have been aghast at the easy, comfortable walking togs, at the simplicity of the trail shelters at which the group spent the nights, and, most of all, at the interest in all forms of natural life which crossed their paths. "Grandmother would have died," giggled Nancy to herself, "if she had found a nest of tiny little bare, pink baby mice in her blanket as I did one morning. And I don't think she would have cared very much for my precious collection of rocks and minerals that dragged all my pockets out of shape."

Walking trips, somewhat similar to the one Nancy took from Camp Pine Grove, were sponsored last summer by Camp May Flather, Washington, D. C., Camp Robbinswood, Seattle, Washington, the Girl Scout Camp of Bangor, Maine, and several others, so it would seem that girls from all parts of the country have become newly enthusiastic about the most ancient—and recently so neglected—mode of locomotion.

A variation of the walking trips, in the form of a Horse-and-Wagon trip, is being

enthusiastically described by those campers from Camp Greenwood (Minneapolis) and Camp Lakamaga (St. Paul) who participated in these ventures last year. Camp Julia Crowell (Cleveland) has made some enticing plans for a similar trip this season, we hear. A farm wagon, drawn by a team of horses, carries the duffel and, although the girls walk a good part of the time, one is not considered a softy if she occasionally climbs to a comfortable nest among the sleeping bags for an hour or so of rest. This provision makes the trip possible for the less hardy, or for those to whom sustained locomotion without the aid of gasoline is a new experience.

The bicycle, of course, has come into its own again. As a means of getting places comfortably, easily, and with enough speed to give the sense of *progress*, yet slowly enough so that the territory *en route* is thoroughly enjoyed, the bicycle is unsurpassed. Camp after camp seems to be falling in with the idea, so satisfactory have been the results of the pioneers in that direction. Camp Andree, Pleasantville, New York, invested in twenty beautiful maroon bicycles and sponsored several ten-day trips into New England last summer. The possibilities of exploring interesting historic spots in territory to be covered were analyzed before the trip was begun, so that an itinerary, rich in fascinating detours, was worked out. Nights were spent in various Girl Scout camps, with which arrangements for hospitality had been made ahead of time. A special costume of attractive green chambray culottes was adopted, and the snapshots which resulted from those trips show an astonishingly well-groomed group of riders. "We never felt or looked very messy," explained one of the Andree riders as she was displaying her pictures to a

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

wide-eyed friend, "because our green culottes were just right for riding and didn't seem to show the dust much, either. In fact, we hear that the outfit has become so popular for bicycling that lots of other camps have adopted it."

"The nicest thing about it was that we all wanted to make it a really camping trip," contributed another Andree-ite eagerly. "Most of us have had lots of experience in camping at our own home town camps, and this was a wonderful chance to use all we know about setting up a temporary camping place, and menus that are easy to prepare and yet good, and how to live comfortably with not much equipment. Of course," she added earnestly, "on a trip like that everyone has to have a real feeling of responsibility about other people's property and how she acts in public, or people could get pretty mad at the whole group."

Bicycle trips were also a part of the program of Camp Hoffman, West Kingston, Rhode Island, Camp Quidnunc, Queens, New York, and a number of others. And from scraps of conversation about daily mileage, handle-bar lunches, and the most scientific treatment for sunburn, which come to our ears from chance groups of girls, it seems fair to predict that this type of trip-camping is going to be even more popular this summer.

The pages of the albums for 1939 are blank now, but before long they will be filling with laughing, sunburned faces. Lithe figures in slacks, in shorts, in jeans, in culottes, will be pictured hiking, bicycling, riding, sailing, over trails that crisscross the United States from end to end. But the pictures which will never curl, or crack, or grow dark with age, will be in the hearts of the merry adventurers themselves.

## THE WOODS BY FLASH LIGHT

Catherine?) Well, one of the most exciting birds on that whole place is a whip-poor-will that lights, at dusk on summer nights, on the gray rocks on which the log cabin stands. His favorite stage for his nocturnal solos is no more than ten yards from the cabin. We like to slip to the window when he's shouting *whip-poor-will* out there, and turn a flash light on him. It doesn't seem to alarm him a bit. He goes right on with his whistling, in the sharp circle of light. Now his eyes sparkle like diamonds. Rarely can you make out his form and feathers, but, even when he's farther off than usual, you can see his shining eyes. That is because the eyes of some creatures are so made that they reflect any light cast on them, just like a mirror.

Different kinds of live things' eyes reflect light in different colors. Many don't reflect light at all. Whip-poor-wills' and night-hawks' eyes shine with a greenish-white light when you turn a flash light on them. So do the eyes of dogs and cats. So do deer's eyes—and contemptible, illegal hunters still kill deer at night by "jack-lighting" them and shooting them while they stand blinded. Fortunately this unsportsmanlike practice is becoming less common every year.

Rabbits' eyes—and also the eyes of some few human beings—shine with a pinkish light when a bright ray is cast on them in the darkness. If you are very familiar with the outdoors at night, you can almost identify an animal when you see twin gleams in the circle

thrown by your flash light. You can tell this by the size of the gleams, the distance between them, and the color. Practice up on matters like these, when you are riding in a car at night and the glare of the headlights catches the eyes of wild things crossing the road. From a car at night I have seen foxes, deer, whip-poor-wills, opossums, weasels, and many other wild things.

The woodcock is a night bird which is more exciting even than the whip-poor-will. It is harder to find, and has a more dramatic song. The woodcock is a couple of sizes bigger than the robin. It is brown, like a bobwhite, with a short tail and a fantastically long bill. (This long bill is used for probing in damp earth for worms.) When dusk falls, the male woodcock flies to a sandy, birch-covered field, or an open space in a woodland swamp. He struts there before his mate as proudly as a miniature turkey gobbler. Then he cries *bzzt! bzzt!* like a night hawk. He makes that silly announcement a dozen or so times while he struts on the ground. All of a sudden he leaps into the air. On whistling wings he shoots up into the dusk. He flies around and around in ever-widening circles. High aloft, he whirls about like a giant bat, while his wings make silvery music. *Wss-wss! Chirp-chirp-chirp!* In a minute or two you hear a medley of liquid notes and whistling wings. *Chirp-wss-wss-wss!* Then you see the woodcock come shooting out of the gloom like a rocket. His first sky dance is ended. He alights on the ground

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as daintily as a feather beside his quiet mate.

I've put off long enough now, telling you what the thing was that uttered that ear-splitting shriek down in West Virginia when Paul Reeder and I were spending the night in a deserted farmhouse. It was an owl, a great horned owl! I didn't know then what it was, of course, or I wouldn't have run home. I thought it was a panther, or one of the other weird creatures to which ill-informed people attribute voices of the night. The great horned owl is the only member of his tribe that utters such a blood-curdling scream. It does this only on rare occasions, apparently to paralyze with fright a rabbit or some other creature which it wants to catch. In many years of prowling around outdoors, that is the only time I've ever heard the great horned owl give his war whoop.

Most kinds of owls are quiet and gentle. When they get hungry, or their nestlings do, they merely set their wings and sail down, silent in darkness, to snatch up a mouse or snake.

Almost the only sounds they ever utter are their "songs," which vary all the way from the quavering trill of the little screech owl to the wild laughter of the barred owl. The "song" of the great horned owl is a deep bass *who-who-who*, repeated several times. It is very different from the rasping cry of the saw-whet owl. The latter bird receives his name from his odd cries. These remind one of the sound of a coarse-toothed saw being sharpened. The

tiny saw-whet is the pleasantest member of the whole owl clan, in my opinion. This gray-brown bird is so tame and trustful that, if you find one perched in the evergreens, you frequently can catch it in your hands.

Owls are pretty hard to find on a single night hike. About the only way you'll discover one is by pure luck, or else by knowing, ahead of time where a pair are to be heard at their nightly calling. If you should hear one calling, perhaps you can fool it into flying close to you by a kind of kissing of the back of your hand. Do this in a way to make a loud squeak like that of a captured mouse or bird. I have called in great horned owls a quarter-mile distant in this way.

Toads and frogs may not seem as dramatic as owls and other night birds, but they are much easier for the night hiker to find and they certainly are picturesque. If there aren't hundreds of toads and frogs singing near your home as you read these words, there probably will be as soon as it gets dark. If you go on a flash light hike to-night, you can most likely see some of these minstrels of the marshes at their chorus. *Deep! Knee-deep!* Even in middle latitudes, the tiny fawn-colored frogs known as spring peepers are still sounding their ringing chorus which began in March. Farther north, plump gray tree frogs may still be heard singing *brr-rrrr* from woodland pools. Almost everywhere, in June, toads are sounding their mournful trills, half soprano and half bass. To have a look at the musical hosts of frogdom, go to a pond edge soon after dusk and train your flash light on the shallow water near shore. If you're quiet enough and quick enough, you'll soon discover the diminutive songsters sprawled luxuriously on the surface, singing lustily into white pouches which swell on their throats with every peep, to serve as loudspeakers.

One way of highlighting a night hike is to lay out your projected course before dark, with a series of insect "sugarings." To do this, you and your Girl Scout leader, or nature instructor, should go out—say next Saturday morning—and daub a few spoonfuls of syrup on the trunks of trees, about head high. The syrup may be of watered molasses, or corn

syrup, maybe flavored with a few slivers of banana. With a brush, or wad of paper, smear a generous bit of this on a tree trunk, in a fairly open place where you can locate it readily at night. Do the same on another tree, and another, over the whole route you will follow on your flash light hike. You will be surprised at the number and variety of night-feeding moths and such which you will find feasting at these cafeterias.

Do you happen to know the beautiful, dainty animal known as the flying squirrel? It is smaller than a red squirrel, its tan fur coat is gray beneath and soft like a mole's. The flying squirrel's eyes aren't hard and glittery like a daytime squirrel's, but soft, wet, and black as a shy, nocturnal animal's eyes would be.

Once I was spending a few days in a farm home in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Late at night, long after I had gone to sleep, I heard my farmer host calling me. When I went out into the hall, I saw that he held a lantern. In its light I beheld a sleek little brown-furred animal with big black eyes. Having mistaken the chimney for a hollow tree, it had come indoors. Now it was perched on a bracket in the hall, but, when I walked over to catch it, it sailed away like a brown moth. It lit on another bracket at the far end of the hall. Back and forth, back and forth, it soared. It made me think of a living parachute. Finally I caught the little brown flying squirrel.

I wanted to take some pictures of the animal before releasing it, so we placed it in a covered basket overnight. But the next morning it was dead. It had run itself to death during the night, trying to escape. That is the reason I have no picture to show you of a brown-furred flying squirrel, and that is why I said no, when, at the sanctuary last summer, Catherine wanted me to catch for her, to keep as a pet, the black-eyed flying squirrel that ran out on a limb when we chopped down a hollow tree. I think it is cruel and selfish of people to make prisoners of wild things, except for educational purposes.

There are hundreds of discoveries to be made in the woods at night. If you and your friends keep sweeping the trees overhead and the ground below with the beams of your

flash lights, you will find endless interesting things. In damp woods and meadows there will be great pink "night crawlers" lolling among the dewy grasses. If you step softly, and your hand is as quick as a robin's beak, you may be able to catch one of them for close examination. But the slightest jar of footsteps on the ground will make every night crawler around shoot into his burrow like lightning.

The successful night watcher must have sharp ears, as well as observant eyes and a quick hand. Perhaps you will hear a pair of foxes barking, calling to each other. These hard-hunted little wild dogs still survive across the country, even in regions that have been pretty well built up by men. They survive only because they have such great cunning. The bark of a fox sounds a good deal like that of a collie pup. It goes "*Ahr! Ahr! Ahr!*"

If your hike takes you close to a pond or lake, you may hear the cries of wild ducks flying over, or dabbling in the shallows. The likeliest sorts to be heard are mallards, which call "*Quack*" in reedy tones, and wood ducks, which utter squeaky whistles, "*Ca-rew! Crew! Cree!*" In earlier times, wild ducks fed mostly by day, but they have learned that gunners hide in rushes along shore in daylight, so they have largely changed their schedule to feeding at night. Near bodies of water, you will also hear the grunting "*quawk*" of night herons, and the splashing of muskrats.

Perhaps the greatest surprise to be encountered in the out-of-doors at night is the song of some daytime bird. Not many sorts of day birds ever sing after nightfall, but a few particularly fine songsters do—mocking birds, thrashers, and oven-birds, for example. I suppose the reason why such birds sing at night is that the days just aren't long enough for them to express all the happiness they feel in June. When you are bound home from your first hike by flash light, I certainly hope you will hear a brown thrasher sound a chord or two in rich contralto, or an oven-bird shower the world with his rippling song. There is no other way for you to know the full spell of the magic darkness which cloaks the woods at night.

## AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—GEORGE BELLows—1882-1925

**A**NNA BELLows fondly hoped her blond son would be a bishop; his father wished him to be a banker; his friends in college expected him to be a professional baseball player. Instead, however, George Wesley Bellows became a noted painter.

A descendant of Benjamin Bellows who came over from England in 1632 and founded the town of Bellows Falls, Vermont, he was born, when his parents were well along in years, into a simple, uncompromising Methodist household in Columbus, Ohio. At school he excelled in drawing, due, he himself felt, to the fact that this was his childhood pastime on Sundays, since it was one of the few activities permitted on that day.

At Ohio State University the tall—he was six feet two—good-natured young man, full of bounding energy and enthusiasm, drew for the college papers, sang in the glee club, and distinguished himself at baseball. In 1904 he left college and came to New York, with which he was completely unfamiliar and where he knew no one, to study drawing and painting at the New York School of Art. One of his teachers was Robert Henri. Between the pupil—with his hearty interest in anything and everything in the life about him, his untiring energy and his bold disregard of artistic conventions in the expression of his own sure convictions—and the magnetic and stimulating teacher, with his firm belief that ideas and emotions should be received directly from life and not from other art works, a bond of congenial sympathy developed into a life-long friendship.

In 1906, Bellows opened his own studio in New York, exhibiting three portraits that year. Unlike most American painters he never went abroad. His subjects, his inspiration, his reactions, were thoroughly American. At twenty-seven he became an Associate of the National Academy of Design, the youngest

artist ever to be elected. In 1913, he was elected a National Academician. By that time, he was winning medals and prizes, and museums were buying his paintings.

Bellows married Emma Louise Story of Montclair, New Jersey, and his beautiful wife and two fair-haired daughters, Anna and Jean, figured again and again in his paintings, as did other members of his family. Among his portraits are one of his father, several of his mother, and many of a favorite aunt.

Big, genial George Bellows, with his hearty laugh, met life with vigor and gusto and enjoyed it to the full. Days were too short for the varied interests he crammed into them. Many phases of life in New York, where he lived in winter, and Maine, where he spent his summers, were transferred with boundless enthusiasm and sure technique to canvas—prize fights, street urchins swimming off the river docks, tenements and slums, crowds and motion of city streets, quiet country lanes, simple white farmhouses, sunny meadows, and rocky shorelines.

The portraits of George Bellows are outstanding. With keen understanding and heart-warming sympathy, he was able to capture on canvas the calm, gracious dignity, the serene, kindly wisdom of age, and the fragile, delicate beauty and freshness of youth. His famous "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna" reproduced in *The American Girl* for October 1937, is a beautiful example of this. He was especially successful with hands. Soft, graceful young hands such as those in this month's frontispiece, "Katherine Rosen," or gnarled, wrinkled old hands like those in "Eleanor, Jean, and Anna" add not a little to his interpretations of character.

The untimely death of Bellows, at forty-two, was a great loss to American painting. M.C.

## "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let down your hair"

JEAN, a crisp apron tied around her waist, massaged Joan's scalp with vigorous finger tips. Sunlight, sifting through the leaves, struck out red-gold glints from her friend's hair, which was beginning to curl up now in its accustomed tendrils.

"Mother was right," Jean said, "when she told us rain water was wonderful for a shampoo. Your hair is gorgeous, Jo—it's like something out of a fairy tale."

"Thanks, old dear," murmured Joan, her face hidden by her flowing locks, "but my old wig is pretty much like everybody's else, I guess. Doesn't this sunshine feel good? And there's just enough breeze to be delicious."

"Uh, huh," agreed Jean. She let her arms drop to her sides. "There you are, Jo. Your wig, as you call it, is dry enough now to comb."

• "Good." Joan rose, tossing back her hair. "I'll run up to my room and fix it in a jiffy. Shall I bring the *JULY AMERICAN GIRL* down with me?"

"Do," replied Jean, untying her apron. "It's just the time and the place to read it, out here in the hammock." She settled herself with a cushion at her back, her gaze resting lazily on the bed of bright phlox on the back lawn where a humming bird was making darting sallies in search of sweets.

Joan reappeared presently, her fluffy hair neatly arranged, the magazine under her arm. "Have you seen this number yet, Jinny? The eagle design is so appropriate—and there's a historical story about the Fourth of July, too. It's by Ellis Credle, and it's illustrated with photographs by Charles Townsend. I'm dying to read it. The same idea is carried out in the frontispiece which



is a reproduction of that grand old painting, *The Spirit of '76*."

"That hits me in the right spot," said Jean. "Seems to me it's about time, with the world in this kind of a mess, that we should give some thought to the sacrifices our forefathers made in order that we might live in freedom."

"Right you are," agreed Joan. "I think that exactly." She riffled the pages of the magazine. "There are lots of other good things here, too. For instance, a Lucy-Ellen story and a new Bushy-and-Lofty story. *Bonita in Movieland* is about Bonita Granville, of course. She's starring in the Nancy Drew pictures, you know."

• "Is there a new serial beginning in this number?" asked Jean.

"Two!" Joan grinned. "Though they're short—only two installments each. One is *Don't Laugh*, by Augusta Kent Hobbs. It's about a girl and her brother and a friend

of his who had an exciting time bringing a motor boat up from Maryland to New York."

"Sounds swell," said Jean. "What's the other?"

"I haven't read it yet," Joan told her. "It's by Janet Ramsay, and it's called *Forest Bird*. I couldn't resist dipping into it—just enough to see that it's about Alice Enright, the musical girl in the F. A. D. Club. The Palmgrens are in it, too. Remember Mme. Palmgren, the opera singer in *Brunhilde at Home*? And her son Eric?"

"Do I!" exclaimed Jean. "That Eric was simply fascinating. Let's read the first installment right away, Jo, before we do another thing."

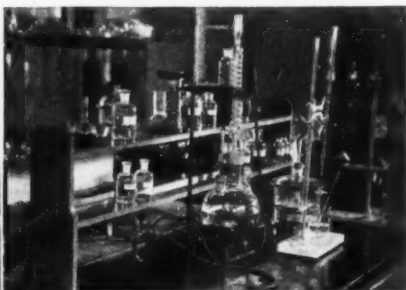
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